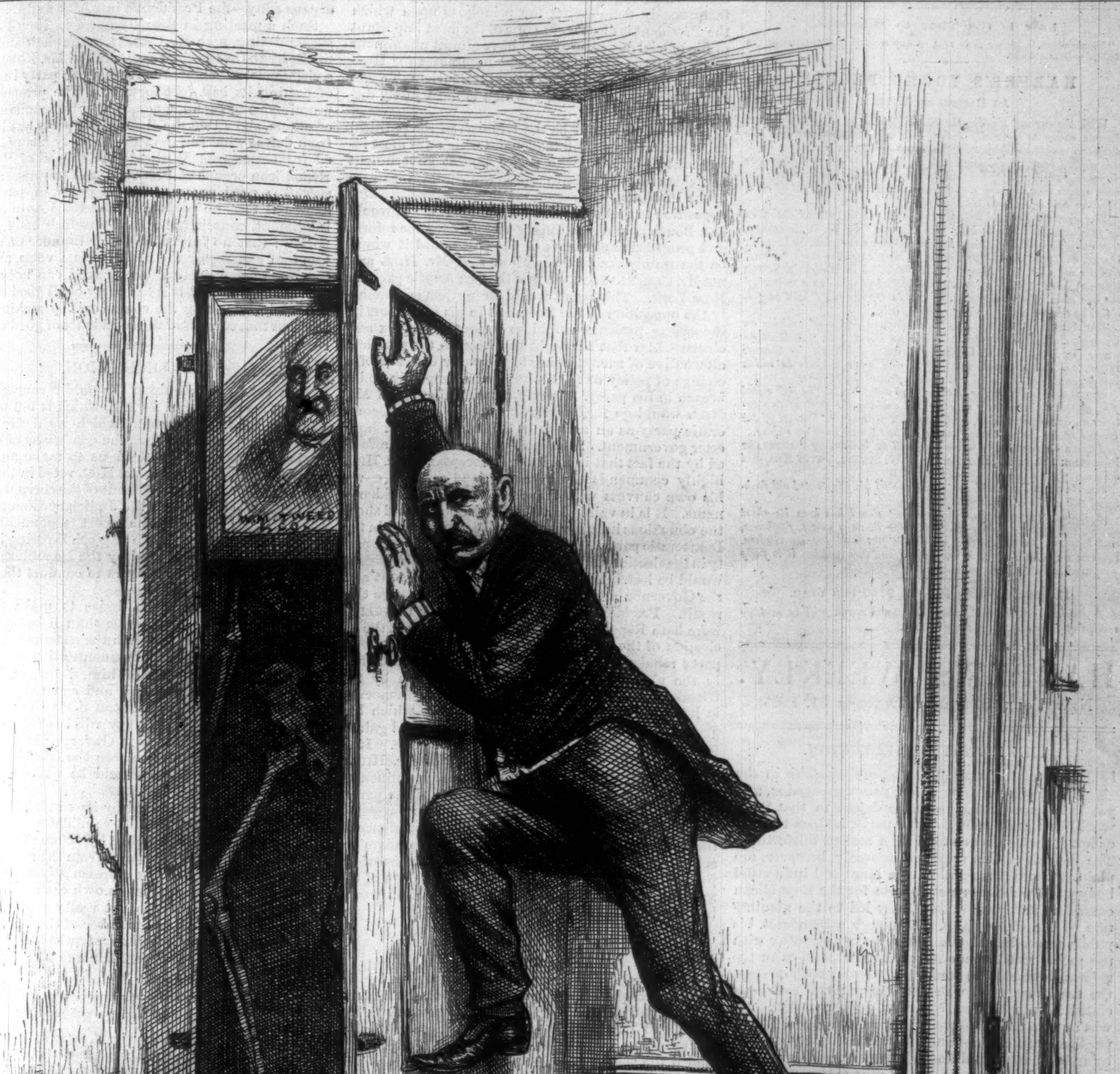
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIX.—No. 1506.
Copyright, 1885, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1885.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.


WM. TWEED
L.L.D.
THE ELMIRA GAZETTE
Th. Nast

THE SKELETON IN HIS CLOSET.

MR. HILL'S ATTEMPT TO SECRETE A SCANDALOUS VOLUME OF "ANCIENT HISTORY."

FRAUD.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *are informed that persons falsely representing themselves to be agents for Harper's Periodicals are soliciting subscriptions to* HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S BAZAR, *and* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *at unauthorized rates, giving receipts in the name of* HARPER & BROTHERS.

To prevent the loss of money by such misrepresentations, it is requested that, in purchasing from parties assuming to represent HARPER & BROTHERS, *payment be made by Bank Draft or Post-office Money-Order, payable to the order of* HARPER & BROTHERS, *New York.*

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

"Its standard is higher than that of any weekly publication for the young."—*Boston Globe.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

With the current number the Sixth Volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *comes to an end. It has been a notable volume, and the fifty-two weekly numbers, when bound up together, will make a large and elegant book, containing much of the best of current literature for young readers, with numerous examples of the work of the foremost artists and engravers, and representing a vast amount of care, diligence, and expense on the part of its conductors.*

The Seventh Volume will present even greater attractions than its predecessors. The serial "Two Arrows," by W. O. STODDARD, *now running, will be followed by a serial story for girls, by* LUCY C. LILLIE, *entitled "Jo's Opportunity."* MRS. LILLIE'S *story "Nan," and its sequel, "Rolf House" (both published in* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE), *have won her an almost unrivalled position as a writer of the best class of stories for girls. "Jo's Opportunity" will be followed by two, or perhaps three, other serials.*

MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK *will contribute a series of articles on Geology, similar to her recent articles on Plant Life. Articles on music (by* MRS. LUCY C. LILLIE), *art, natural history (by* ERNEST INGERSOLL, PROFESSOR HOLDER, *etc.), and other subjects in which young people are interested will appear from time to time.*

Sports and pastimes for in-doors and out-doors will be well cared for, as usual. An early number will contain the first of two articles on horseback riding, by COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE, *of the United States Army, the author of the best recent book on riding.*

Papers on travel and adventure will be written by LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA, LIEUTENANT E. W. STURDY, DAVID KER, *and others.*

MR. HOWARD PYLE *will contribute one of his illustrated old-fashioned fairy tales every month.*

A notable feature of the volume just closed has been its short stories, which have been remarkable for literary merit, freshness, and humor. In the quality of fiction provided for its readers, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *is unrivalled, and this position it is fully prepared to retain.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1885.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

THE Democratic party has a peculiar stake in the New York election. It is a seeming paradox, and yet it is true, that Democratic defeat in that State would be a great benefit to the party, and, on the other hand, that success would be a serious misfortune. The reasons of this apparent anomaly, however, are plain. The determination of a large and influential body of Republicans not to vote for the Republican candidate last year undoubtedly led to the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND. Although a Democrat, his public career had shown him to be in sympathy with the movement for honest government, and with the reforms necessary to secure it. He did not represent the traditions of the Democratic party which associated it with slavery, secession, and civil war. He was in no sense whatever either a Bourbon or a Copper-head, and his nomination and its hearty support by independents and Independent Republicans, who would not have supported any other Democrat, gave the Democratic party, in the event of his election, the opportunity of removing the general and profound distrust with which it had been so long regarded by identifying itself with the principles and purposes which Mr. CLEVELAND had illustrated in his public course.

The election showed the willingness of the country to give the Democratic party a chance to prove that this distrust was unfounded, and that good citizens might look to the party as an agency of the reforms which they desired. Nothing, indeed, could be more evident than that the old Democratic party of the days before the war could never hope to regain power permanently, and that if Mr. CLEVELAND did not represent a new Democracy, his administration could be of no real service to the country. If, for instance, Mr. HENDRICKS had been nominated instead of Mr. CLEVELAND, he could not have been elected, and the nomination would have been justly cited as conclusive proof that the distrust of his party was well founded. That the nomination and election of Mr. CLEVELAND, however, could not be regarded as in themselves evidence of the regeneration of the Democratic party was instantly shown upon his inauguration by the rapid development of a division of party sentiment in regard to his course. This division has deepened and widened, and it has taken formal expression in the New York nominations. Of course all the appearances of harmony have been carefully observed. The Democratic Conventions have praised the President, but in the voice of all of them the tone of angry remonstrance is perfectly audible. The real contest is concealed and internal. It is to determine whether the President or his opponents truly represent the Democratic party. In his own State of New York the Democrats who are accounted his particular friends have shown themselves to be utterly powerless in the party Convention, while his frank opponents have absolute command. Tammany Hall, the most notorious and disreputable political organization in the country, having passed a series of resolutions contemptuously denouncing the principles upon which the President is discharging one of the most important of his official duties, proves to have almost unanimous control of the Convention, and nominates for Governor a representative of the old Bourbon, TWEED Democracy, the Democracy which is most justly distrusted.

His election would be the triumph of the political spirit and methods and tendencies which are most repugnant to citizens who desire honest government and clean politics. It would be the sharpest censure of the President, whose course has been taken in direct opposition to that spirit and those methods. It would be a Bourbon and reactionary victory over the reform and progressive elements of the party, and it would be the unmistakable declaration that Mr. HILL and not Mr. CLEVELAND represents the Democratic party in New York. This result would strengthen enormously the opposition to the President in his party, and its increasing pressure would so seriously perplex and obstruct him that he might be forced to the practical alternative of surrendering to the party demand of a change of policy or to persistence in his policy and a breach in his party. In any case the election of Mr. HILL would go far to destroy all hope of the Democratic party as an agency of better politics and honester government. This is a truth which is not affected by the fact that in his letter of acceptance Mr. HILL highly commends the President, and seeks to cover his own canvass with the glamour of the President's name. It is in vain. Mr. HILL'S election would show the obnoxious influences to be still so paramount in the Democratic party that the advantage gained by the party in the election and the general course of the President would be lost. The fact that both the President and the Governor are Democrats would not change this result. President GARFIELD and Senator CONKLING were both Republicans, but nobody doubts that the reelection of the Senator would have been the severest party rebuke of the President. So, now, undoubtedly the absolute control of the Convention by the friends of Mr. HILL revealed a strength of Democratic hostility to the President in the State which has greatly injured the prestige that his party had gained by his nomination and by his official course. If to this should be added the misfortune of Mr. HILL'S election, the Bourbon and reactionary influences would appear to be in supreme control of the party. The party of which Governor HILL is the representative can never permanently regain the confidence of the country. Its success would tend to confirm reaction, and to draw together the best citizens of all parties in opposition. This is the explanation of the seeming paradox that the defeat of Mr. HILL would be an advantage for his party.

GOOD OMENS.

IT is a good sign that the chief speaking for the excellent Republican ticket in New York should have been begun by Senator EDMUNDS, SHERMAN S. ROGERS, and THEODORE ROOSEVELT. These gentlemen all represent the progressive tendency of the party, and if the spirit and principles which they represent in the party shall obtain control of it, and the CLEVELAND influence shall succeed in dominating the Democratic party, there will be a hope of a restoration of the true function of party in politics. It is refreshing amid the mere partisan clamor of an election to hear from a man like Mr. ROGERS such words as these:

> "I know that the Democratic party pretty evenly divides the voting population of the country; and while I believe that of the best voters, best in character and intelligence, a preponderating majority is with us, I know, and you all know, that there are many thousands of men in the Democratic party as patriotic and intelligent and pure as any among us. And so I know that it is all folly to pretend that all the virtue is in the Republican party or all the vice in the Democratic party. When TWEED was overthrown, when CONNOLLY and SWEENY were driven outcasts from the land of their birth, think you the Democracy had no hand in it? Think you no Democratic hand bore a whip to lash the rascals through the world?"

And the orator declared that when Tammany once more dons its suit of Tweed and revives the old cry and assails the reforms "that the better Democrats have instituted," and insists upon leading the party backward, the better men of the party will refuse to follow.

When campaign orators can speak in that strain amid general enthusiasm and applause, it is evident that we may presently expect parties to stand for real policies; and if such a spirit and such counsels should prevail in the Republican party, it may yet become as truly a party of civil service reform as it once was of the restriction of slavery. Mr. ROOSEVELT in the same general tone spoke much more justly of the President than Republicans are accustomed to speak. He said truly that a "Republican victory in this State next November would be in no sense a rebuke to the Administration." He added that the Republicans did not agree with the Independents as to the actual service to reform done by the President. But this is a matter of opinion. The essential point is that neither Mr. ROGERS nor Mr. ROOSEVELT thought it necessary or expedient to echo the tone of the Republican platform toward the President, and they both honorably conceded what the platform and the Bourbon organs deny—the President's integrity and fidelity.

Such a meeting in Brooklyn and in New York—a great meeting, with Mr. CHOATE in the chair and Senator EDMUNDS as the chief speaker, and Mr. FORAKER as a visible victor—shows the Republican party in the act of putting its best foot forward. The presence and prominence of such men, and the conspicuous absence of others, show that the Republican party has learned from defeat what the Democratic party has not learned from success. With all the sneers of Bourbon Republican organs at Pharisees and traitors, the conservative good sense of the Republican party has shown it that no party can bear the loss of a large, intelligent, conscientious, and unselfish body of supporters; that no fury of abuse or thunder of a party tom-tom can repair the loss of actual votes, and that the Republican party henceforward can not succeed by vociferating that it is the party of all good citizens, but solely by taking the course and by making nominations that command the confidence of good citizens.

A CORRECTION.

IN a recent article upon the public course of Mr. HILL as a supporter of TWEED, which is not to be denied, we made a statement which we desire to correct, and we are sorry that the conditions of a weekly journal have not enabled us to make an earlier correction. We said that Mr. HILL voted in the Legislature against the impeachment of the corrupt Judges. In fact, as a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Assembly he signed the report recommending the impeachment, and he made a speech favoring its adoption. He was also elected by the Republican Legislature as one of the managers to conduct the trial of BARNARD.

We have certainly no desire to make the case against Governor HILL worse than it is, and we regret the carelessness to which the statement was due. The general charge of business connection with TWEED and legislative support of him, however, has not been seriously controverted, and can not be denied. The address of the Republican State Committee asserts of the Democratic party what is unfortunately true: "Their candidate for Governor is known by the public records to have been the friend of the notorious TWEED." That should be quite enough to prevent his election.

A party must be judged by its candidates, and if, however "regularly," unfit candidates are put forward in its name, their defeat by voters of the party is the only way to save the party from the responsibility of acknowledging them as representatives. The party can not be pleaded against its own candidates, unless it is proved that they do not really represent it, in which case every honest member of the party will refuse to support them. These are truths which have fortunately become more familiar and significant than they were some time ago.

MR. DEPEW'S NARRATIVE.

THE letter of Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, in explanation of his remark that a most important service of General GRANT to the country was unknown, is an exceedingly interesting document, and a very important contribution to our national history. As it is desirable that so extraordinary a statement should not rest wholly upon the recollection of any man, it is satisfactory to read in Colonel GRANT'S reply that he is able "to verify the facts from documents, letters, and personal recollection," and General SHERMAN, without saying that the tale as told is true, states that the evidence is on file, which will some day be produced. The story vindicates the profound distrust with which ANDREW JOHNSON was regarded by the Republican leaders, and the tenacity with which they held to the project of impeachment. But it is not apparent why the substantial facts now disclosed were not made known to the impeachers at the time of the trial. They show clearly in what peril the country still lay after the war, and, assuming the substantial accuracy of the story, they show also the immense and hitherto unsuspected service of General GRANT—a service which no other man in the country could have rendered, and which gives him yet another claim to the respect and affection of his countrymen.

The story in brief is this: That ANDREW JOHNSON was a poor Southern white who was contemned by the ruling caste of his section, the slave-holding oligarchy, which he hated bitterly, and that his "loyalty" was more a desire to see that class overthrown by the government than any especial regard for the Union. When the assassination of LINCOLN made him President he resolved to exercise his authority in taking vengeance, and he insisted as Commander-in-chief that Grant's terms to Lee and the Confederate army should be rejected, and the civil leaders tried for high treason and the soldiers court-martialled. Johnson proposed, in fact, bloody vengeance. But Grant absolutely refused, and said that he should protect his parole to Lee, and call upon Congress and the country to sustain him. While Johnson was still endeavoring to persuade Grant, his tone toward the Confederates changed. Their leaders became intimate at the White House, and assured him that as President he had surmounted all caste and class distinctions, and was now their proper leader. He was seduced by his gratified pride and ambition, and resolved to maintain so far as possible the feudal South founded upon slavery, and began to denounce the radicalism of Congress. He finally proposed to direct the rebel States to send their full Congressional representation to Washington, and with members from the Northern States, of whose assent he was assured, there would be a quorum of one House at least, and the Congress thus formed he would recognize, and sustain by force if General Grant would sustain him. But Grant told him that he would drive such a Congress out of the Capitol, and protect the representatives of the loyal States as the proper Congress. Johnson tried to send Grant out of the country on a mission to Mexico. But this the General peremptorily declined. Johnson did send him on a tour of military inspection to the West, but Grant knew that Sherman would take his place. The project was not undertaken, and Johnson was baffled.

If this tale be true, there are two very different "improvements" of it. One is that it reveals more clearly than ever the patriotic and righteous use of an immense power by General Grant, which a lower nature might have turned to a disastrous result. The other is that a candidate for the Vice-Presidency should be selected with no less circumspection than that for the Presidency. The absurdity of the office which John Adams felt most forcibly is proved by experience to be less remarkable than the folly of leaving the Presidency to the chance of being filled by a man like Andrew Johnson.

AN OBVIOUS MORAL.

In his speech at Buffalo Senator Evarts is reported to have said that "Governor Cleveland was made President by the efforts of the better part of the Democratic party, aided by, we will say, an excellent part of the Republican party." Could a President possibly have a better constituency? The moral of the remark, which is undoubtedly true, is obvious. It is that a party can not hope to be regarded as an agency for good government, nor expect its professions of superior virtue to be taken seriously, so long as it nominates candidates whom "an excellent part" of the party can not support, as against those whom "the better part" of the other party present.

GOING BACKWARD.

The city of Brooklyn, upon a strict party division, is a Democratic city. But the conviction that municipal government should be non-partisan was strong enough to unite enough intelligent citizens to elect Mr. Low as Mayor, and his administration has completely justified that view. He has been a vigilant, vigorous, and efficient civil magistrate, who has honorably refrained from active partisanship, and has shown that the best interests of the city are promoted by excluding party politics from city affairs.

As Mr. Low was a Republican, it is but fair that his successor, selected in the same way, should be a Democrat, to be supported against the Democratic machine candidate. Accordingly the Democrats and Republicans who hold to the view that elected Mr. Low decided to nominate such a candidate, and selected him in General Woodward. The sure way to defeat him is to insist upon a Republican machine nomination. Such a nomination was made in the person of Mr. Schroeder, who had already expressed himself in favor of the non-partisan union, and he promptly declined, urging that General Woodward should be supported.

The Republican Convention thereupon nominated Mr. Catlin. It is no disparagement of that gentleman to say that, should he consent to stand, those who vote for him must be understood to desire the election of the Democratic machine candidate and the defeat of General Woodward, with the overthrow of the principle which has secured to Brooklyn so excellent a government. This is an illustration of the mere partisan and machine management which has already cost the Republican party dearly, and which annually alienates irrevocably Republicans whose places are not supplied by those who engineer such blunders and then make their support a test of party loyalty.

DISINFECTION.

Dr. Bell, of the *Sanitarian*, writes us, in reference to a recent article upon a proposed job in connection with the disinfection of rags imported into this country, that "the most competent scientific observers and sanitarians of the highest repute everywhere" regard rags "as among the most dangerous fomites in relation with infectious diseases of every kind, and they are so considered by the quarantine laws of New York." Dr. Koch has been cited as an eminent sanitary authority against the conclusion of the late International Sanitary Conference at Rome "that steam under pressure is the only reliable agent for the disinfection of rags," but Dr. Bell says that he has himself seen a letter from Dr. Koch repudiating a cablegram to this effect as a forgery.

The question of the necessary disinfection of rags is one into which we did not enter. We said only that if rags "are to be disinfected, they should be disinfected honestly," and, as Mr. Judd well remarked, that the rates for the process should be such that no company shall be able "to disinfect rags for money instead of cholera."

Dr. Bell is strongly of opinion as a sanitarian that the health-officer "takes a terrible responsibility" if he admits rags without disinfection. This point also we have not discussed. We have only to repeat our conclusions: "If due provision against cholera requires, let the importation of rags from countries where it prevails be prohibited, as in England. But when they may be safely landed, if disinfected, let them be disinfected honestly and without jobbery."

AN AMUSING INSINUATION.

The New York *Tribune* says:

> "Colonel Codman asks, with fine irony: 'Is the professional office-seeker or office-broker such a lovely character that when his little game fails, half the people of the country are going to weep for him?' This places him on record as regarding office-holding with contempt as a little game that can not be played with self-respect. It disposes of the numerous rumors connecting his name with a Civil Service Commissionership."

This gratuitous insinuation that Colonel Codman is a professional office-seeker, or that he has been playing a game of office-seeking, is ludicrous. If the President has sought the aid of his services, it is not because Colonel Codman has desired it, or his friends asked for it; nor would his refusal of such an invitation prove that he regarded office-holding with contempt, nor his acceptance prove anything but a public spirit which accepts office at a very great sacrifice in order to promote a most important reform, and to support a President whom he cordially respects.

Undoubtedly those Republicans who rested their hopes of official preferment upon the defeat of Mr. Cleveland last year naturally suppose that those Republicans who supported him were "Falstaff followers for the reward." Happily there are still some American citizens who for public considerations may accept an office which they neither seek nor desire.

ONE KIND OF ADVICE.

The Peoria *Democrat* urges the President to retrieve the errors of his administration by abandoning his principles, and preaches what it holds to be the true Democratic party gospel by saying:

> "Send the offensive partisan humbug after the Mugwump harlot, and let them go to the devil, or wherever they choose. Remember the words of Holy Writ, 'He who is not for us is against us.' Stand by and reward your party friends and punish your enemies, and all men will well remember that the people voted for a change, and he who gets in the way of an outraged people, or refuses to carry out their will, be he President or Governor, must take the consequences."

If the Peoria *Democrat* could have its way, it would make short work of its party.

POLITICAL GOOD SENSE.

Mr. Mitchell's significant remark concerning the Republican party, at the New York County Convention, that "one year has sufficed for it to learn wisdom," receives abundant confirmation on all sides. In Richmond County the Republicans have nominated for the Assembly Mr. Clarence T. Barrett, a native and well-known citizen of the county, who has served with the highest fidelity in important public positions, and who is universally trusted and respected. The Convention also, with the utmost good sense, declined to nominate a candidate against the present Democratic County Treasurer, Mr. Jully, an excellent officer, who is approved by men of both parties, and who will thus be re-elected unanimously.

These are signs, not that great public policies are no longer to be carried out by parties, but that the public common-sense is coming to discriminate between offices to which party considerations justly apply and those which are independent of them. A County Treasurer is in no sense whatever a political officer. He is not an agent of a party policy, and when an honest, clear-headed, and efficient Treasurer is in office, the sensible course is to re-elect him.

When the party test is obtruded into the election of every officer, whatever may be his duties, the very purpose of party organization is defeated, and the strict requirement of the highest official integrity is relaxed. The success of the party, as such, becomes the paramount consideration, and cracked and warped and "shady" character in a candidate is tolerated for the sake of the party. Such sensible action as that of the Richmond County Republicans is another good result of the practical proof furnished by the experience of last year that the secret of success at the polls lies in the character of the candidate rather than in the regularity of the nomination. This is a truth which, it is now evident, will be hereafter illustrated at every election.

DEMOCRATIC DEFIANCE OF THE PRESIDENT.

The apparent determination of the Democratic managers in New York to rebuke the President by the nomination of candidates who represent the hostility to him within the party is conspicuously illustrated in Queen's County. It is a Democratic county, of which Mr. B. W. Downing was Attorney in 1883. He was removed from office by Governor Cleveland upon charges of bribery, and he immediately ran for Senator as the Democratic candidate, and was defeated by Mr. Otis.

He has now been nominated by his party for County Judge, in place of Judge Armstrong, who has been, we believe, an upright and exemplary magistrate. His Republican opponent is Mr. Garret J. Garretson, a gentleman of high character, and a citizen universally respected, who has served most satisfactorily as Surrogate of the county.

There is naturally great indignation among reputable Democrats at the action of the party Convention. The nomination of Mr. Downing is described in a local Democratic journal as

> "a victory of vice over virtue, of ignorance over learning, of patent unfitness over established usefulness, of a felonious bribe-taker over an incorruptible and pure magistrate."

This is the kind of Democracy which is now seeking to assert itself in New York, and which, should it be successful, will insist upon the submission of the President to its commands. There could not be a more distinct defiance of the President than such a nomination, and should it be generally sustained by the Democrats of Queens, then hostility to the President and his course would be established.

PERSONAL.

Ex-Minister Lowell makes his home with his daughter, Mrs. Edward Burnett, at her beautiful and commodious villa in Southborough, near Boston. His library is on the third floor of the building, away from the noise of his grandchildren, with whom he is a great favorite. He still keeps his house at Cambridge, where some of his most famous poems were written. His long absence from this country has served to make him more of an American than ever in his feelings and tastes. Those who have seen him in his delightful retreat at Southborough come away with the impression that not all whom the gods love die young. Few poets have been so notable for the charm of their conversation, and to spend an afternoon in Lowell's study is an event of events.

—Miss Catherine L. Wolfe's latest gift to the Episcopal Church is $75,000 for the erection of a clergy-house on the grounds of the General Theological Seminary, to be used as the working headquarters of the diocese of New York. It will contain an office for Assistant Bishop Potter, a hall for the business meetings of the clergy, and several reading and lodging rooms for the city missionaries.

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway has been elected a member of the Authors' Club, which has been from the start in a most flourishing condition.

—Canon Farrar's lectures are notable for the quality and numbers of the audiences they attract, and the eloquent dignitary of the Church of England will return home with his pockets full of "greenbacks." The press throughout the country has greeted his appearance with the utmost cordiality.

—The late Morris Franklin, President of the New York Life-insurance Company, which he, more than any other man, brought to its present high degree of efficiency and prosperity, was also one of the most noted members of the Old Volunteer Fire Department of this city. His small, wiry body was the habitat of a courageous soul, and when the Bowery Theatre was burning, in 1828, he saved his life by jumping from the third tier of the building to the floor while in the discharge of his duty. Though carried out in a fainting condition, he soon was at the ruins again, as foreman of "Brass-back" Engine, No. 25. During a fire in Park Place he ventured to the attic in the most daring manner, and was caught in the falling timbers of the roof. He was not rescued from them until so badly burned that he was compelled to lie in bed six weeks, and to walk on crutches for some time afterward. When the Messrs. Harper were publishing their *Story of the Old Volunteer Fire Department*, Mr. Franklin contributed some highly interesting reminiscences; and he often expressed his satisfaction at the publication of that work. Though eighty-four years old, he seemed in his prime, and fulfilled without fatigue the onerous duties of his responsible position. He was a representative business man of the metropolis for more than half a century, and his only political office was that of President of the Board of Aldermen in 1839.

—Mr. Jay Gould testified in a lawsuit recently that he receives every day a large number of letters, from persons who are utter strangers to him, with reference to investments in stocks. Most of the prominent brokers in Wall Street have a similar experience.

—That celebrated missionary to South Africa, the late Rev. Robert Moffat, married the daughter of his employer, a gardener in Manchester, England, after developing in her a martyr's spirit by the recital of his ambitions. He used to write home that a missionary in South Africa without a wife was like a boat with one oar. It took him many months to obtain the consent of her humble parents to the nuptials.

—The only Englishman, according to the *Academy*, who has an appreciation of the nude in art, combined with the ability to portray it, is Mr. Watts, whose pictures have recently been on exhibition in this city.

—In a recently published book the Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, asks,

> "But O what power shall tame the mad, unreasoning, frantic tide
> Of woman's passion, vanity, ambition, foiled, defied?"

—The Duke of Argyll: "I have never been able to build a cottage, with comfortable accommodation for a laborer's family and with out-houses, for so small a sum as $650. One cottage I am now building for a small tenant of the farm-servant class will cost at least $1500."

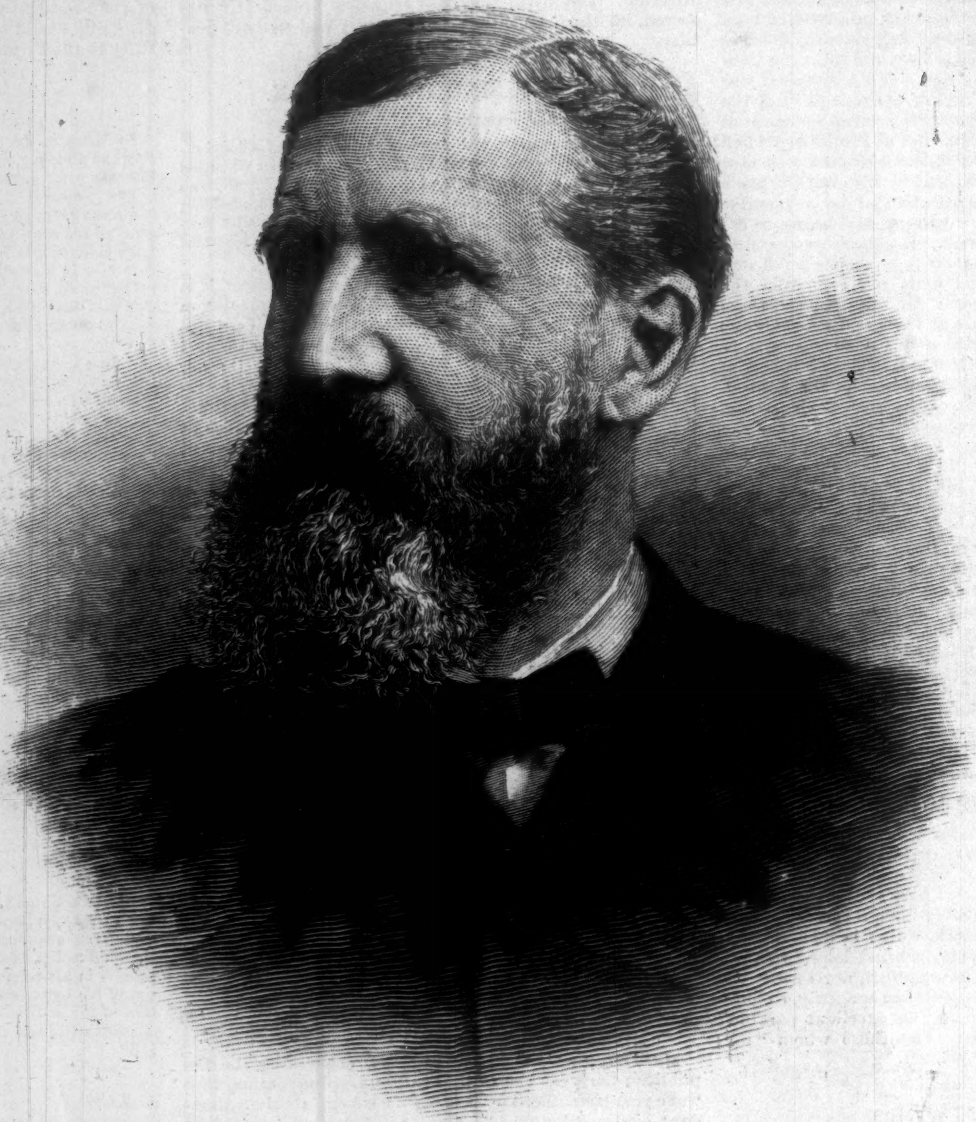
—The death of Mr. Malcolm Hay is deplored as the loss of one of the most vigorous and effective champions in the Democratic party of reform and pure politics. Mr. Hay's fitness for the place of First Assistant Postmaster-General was recognized on all hands when the appointment was made. He himself hesitated to accept it only by reason of his apprehension in regard to his health—an apprehension that was but too well founded. Mr. Hay's portrait was published in Harper's Weekly for April 4.

—A Norwegian novelist, Alexander L. Kielland, represents one of his humble characters, a journeyman printer on his way to make a proposal of marriage, as having a red cotton pocket-handkerchief "adorned with Abraham Lincoln's portrait."

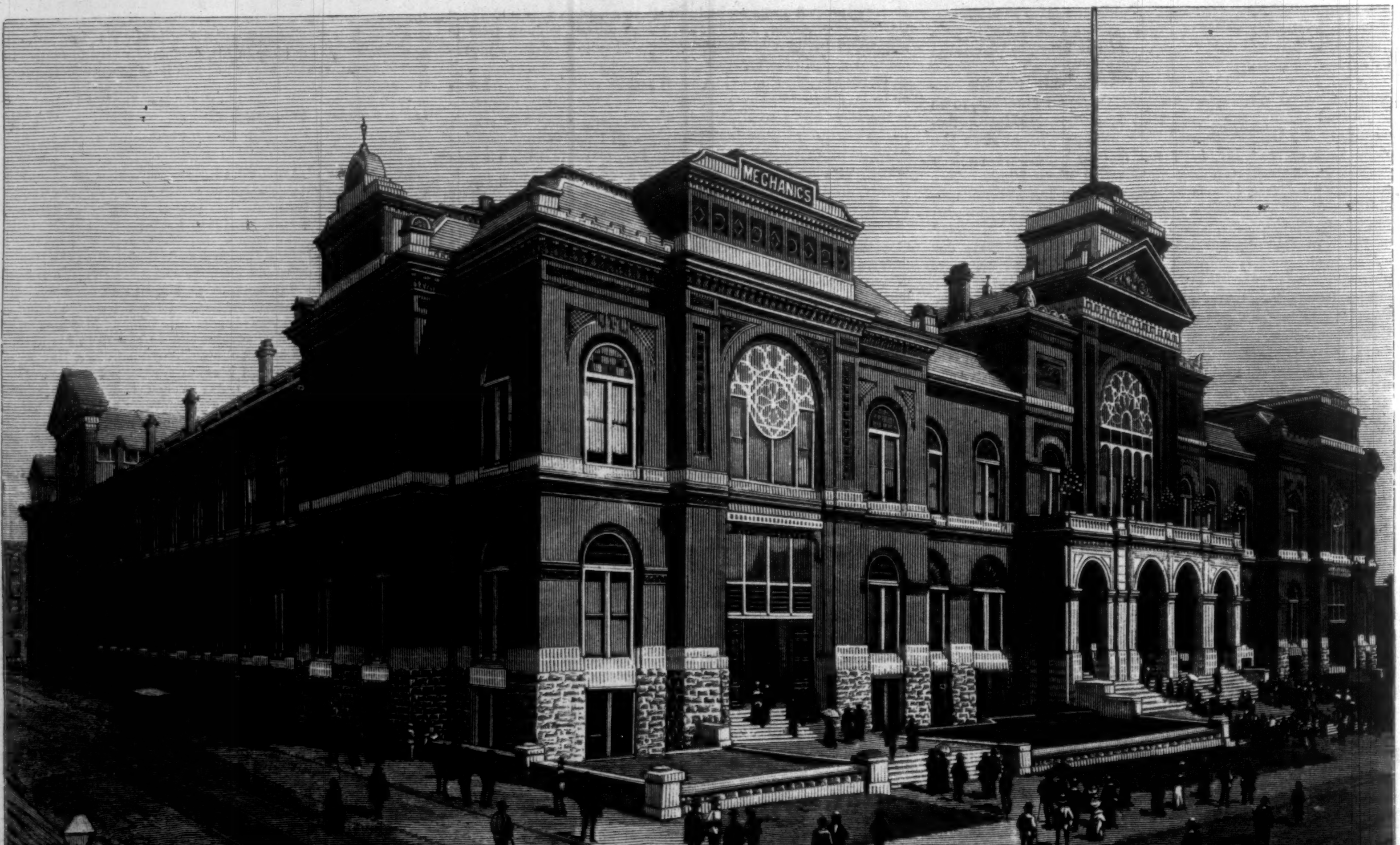
—The Duke of Connaught's late attack of hay-fever was so severe that for three days his voice was entirely lost. Mr. Beecher has never suffered from the malady to this extent.

—M. Clemenceau, the leader of the radical party in France, is in many respects the opposite of Gambetta. He is nervous, very angry often, quick to forgive an injury, simple in his prandial tastes—drinking water at all his meals—and tremendously energetic. When the session of the French Chamber is over, he proceeds daily to the office of his newspaper, the *Justice*, and having assembled his staff around him, walks the floor rapidly, with his hands in his trousers pockets, and talks off the ideas which he expects to see treated at length on the editorial page the next morning. His speeches on the tribune are carefully thought out, but so disconnected that each is said to resemble a bundle of little packages.

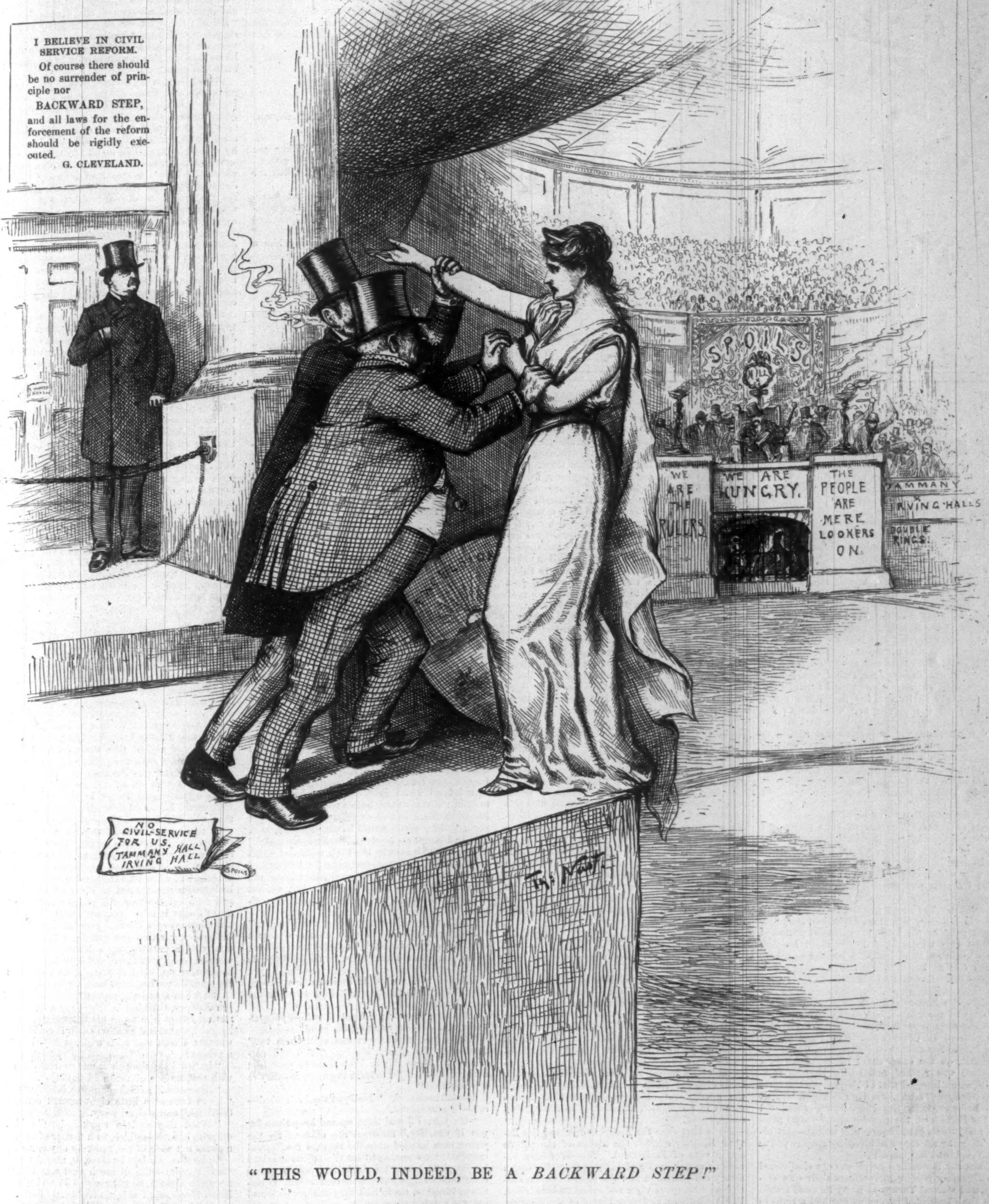
—The recent publication by Harper & Brothers in the "Handy Series" of *Houp-La*, by the author of *Bootles' Baby*, and the appearance in this number of the Weekly of a short story, "Broke," by the same author, give fresh interest to the following personal item from the *Whitehall Review*: "Not many, we fancy, not the large majority of the readers of some of the most delightful stories of military life to be found in modern fiction, are aware of the secret of their authorship. The writer, who goes by the name of J. S. Winter, whose *Cavalry Life* and *Regimental Readings* show such an intimate acquaintance with lancers and dragoons and the details of military life at home and in India, whose *Bootles' Baby* and *Houp-La* are among the most deservedly popular of shilling volumes, is—a woman. Positively the ingenious inventor of Bootles and languid Lucy, and Eliot Cardelle and all the gallant company of the 'White Lancers,' is a woman, and one of the few women writers who can make men at all like men. . . . Many women writers have taken men's names—from Fernan Caballero to George Eliot and Georges Sand—but few have worn their doublet and hose so skillfully as J. S. Winter."



GENERAL JOHN B. WOODWARD, INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF BROOKLYN.
Photographed by Alva Pearsall, Brooklyn.—[See Page 715.]



THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION AND MUSIC HALL.—Photographed by Scholten, St. Louis.—[See Page 718.]


I BELIEVE IN CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.
Of course there should be no surrender of principle nor
BACKWARD STEP,
and all laws for the enforcement of the reform should be rigidly executed.
G. CLEVELAND.
SPOILS
HILL
WE ARE THE RULERS
WE ARE HUNGRY.
THE PEOPLE ARE MERE LOOKERS ON.
TAMMANY
IRVING HALLS
DOUBLE RINGS.
NO CIVIL-SERVICE FOR US.
TAMMANY HALL
IRVING HALL
SPOILS
Th: Nast.

"THIS WOULD, INDEED, BE A *BACKWARD STEP!*"

COD-FISHING.

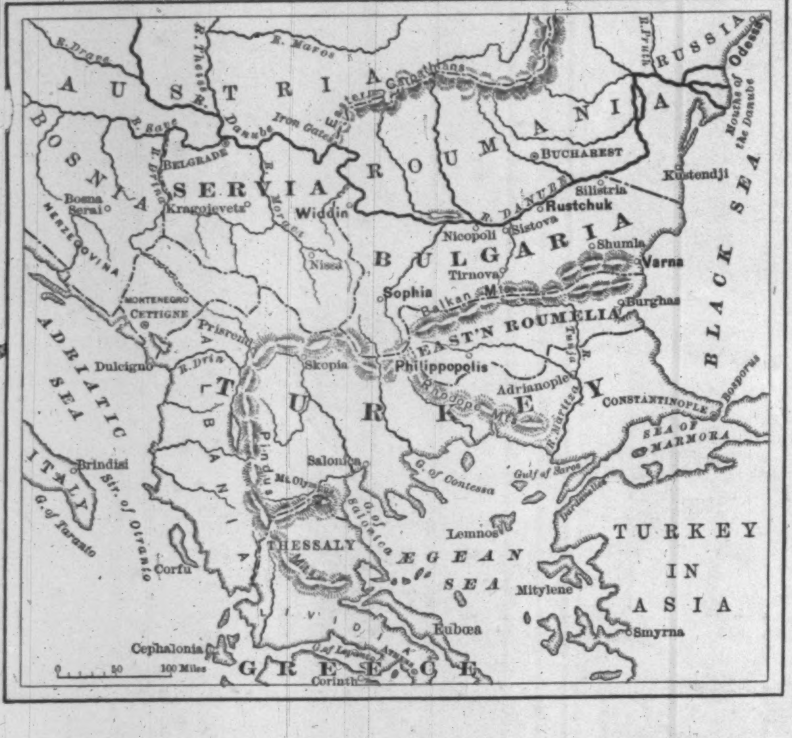
The cod is not called a game fish or a beautiful fish, but he is a good fish—so good that not a few plain-minded men have declared that he surpasses the salmon in all but scarcity and price. Undoubtedly he has his place in the general estimation which considers fish, and that place is lower than the place of the salmon, just as in the vegetable world the potato is outranked by the mushroom; but while that estimation is what has been stated, the fact remains that the cod is unapproached in popularity by any of his kind, and that he is taken out of the water in amazing numbers by a set of fishermen who are as picturesque as any fishermen that whip the rivers or sail the seas. The wonder is that the sea was not emptied of him long since, but he is so prolific that he runs as numerously on the Banks now as he did when fishing was first begun there several centuries ago.

The cod is found almost anywhere in cold water. On this coast he runs from Cape May northward. Long voyages are made for him, and he is also caught off shore by the local fishermen at points along the Long Island and New England coasts and further north. Mr. Burns's picture represents such boats as are found at Monhegan Island, thirty miles east of Portland, Maine, and along the coast beyond that. The boat in which the fishermen are making a haul is a dory, furnished with two pairs of oars. The sailboat beyond with the curious lug-sails is called a reach-boat, and is a handy vessel for its purpose. It is made to lie close to the wind, and its sails can be manipulated in a great variety of advantageous ways, and shipped in a jiffy when it is desirable.

The fishing represented is done with a trawl, which is the most common means of taking codfish. The trawl is a line varying from half a mile to three miles in length, and furnished with hooks at intervals of four feet. It is made to lie stretched out at the bottom of the sea, and is held in place by anchors at the ends, whose positions are denoted by buoys and elevated marks. The anchors commonly used in fixing a trawl are ingenious and simple rather than costly. One is made of a tough piece of board, like half of a small barrel-stave, two green sticks as large around as a man's thumb, and a twenty-pound stone. Two holes are driven near together in the board, and the sticks are fixed firmly therein; the stone is then set between the sticks, and they are lashed together at the top, bending about the stone, and holding it securely. The advantage of such an anchor over an ordinary stone with a rope tied around it is not quite clear to the mind of a landsman, but the trawl anchor probably offers more and more prominent points to catch bottom with than would be offered by a simple stone. Trawl anchors are frequently lost.

The trawl being anchored at each end, lines run up from the anchors to buoys surmounted by marks, which keep the fishermen informed of the trawl's locality. A buoy is made of a powder keg, or any similar vessel that is water-tight or that can easily be made so, and a mark is a disk of wood or tin, a foot or more in diameter, set in the top of a four-foot stick rising from the buoy, and marked with some little sign to indicate to the owner that this is one end of the trawl he is after.

As fast as the trawl is hauled in over one side of the boat, and the harvest of fish is gathered, it is common to rebait the hooks and drop the line again over the other side, so that the boat passes under and along the trawl as a wire ferry-boat runs along its wire, and the whole trawl is once more in place a minute after the last cod is removed from the hook which held it.



THE BALKAN CRISIS.

The present tumult in the Balkan peninsula dates from the eighteenth day of September, when the people of Philippopolis, the capital of Eastern Roumelia, rose in revolt from Turkish rule, deposed their Governor, **Gabriel Chrestovitch**, and proclaimed union with Bulgaria, declaring allegiance to Prince **Alexander**. Then they blew up the bridges and cut the wires leading south into Turkey, and fortified the roads on which the Porte's troops might approach.

This move took all Europe by surprise. The first suspicion of on-lookers was that it had been secretly backed by Russia, the patron of Bulgarians, who gratefully acknowledge her aid in their past struggles for freedom. But the Czar's prompt withdrawal of the many Russian officers serving with the Roumelian militia indicated that he also was surprised and vexed. It was even whispered that this premature revolt interfered with a great Pan-Slavic move planned for next year, in which Prince **Alexander** would have been deposed for some more pliant tool of Russia. Be this as it may, the Roumelian revolt sprang from the people, and was due to the grievous burden of supporting both Turkish and local institutions, and paying annual tribute to the Porte—evils they hoped to lessen or avoid by national union with their Bulgarian brethren, one with them in race and religion, though separated in part by the heavy wall of the Balkans and by Turkish restrictions upon freedom of trade.

But the revolution was a plain infraction of the Treaty of Berlin. The war of 1877 had ended in the advance of the Russians almost to the gates of Constantinople, where the frightened Turks hastily agreed to the Treaty of San Stefano, by which, under **Ignatieff**'s diplomacy, a great Bulgaria was formed, including what was afterward Eastern Roumelia, and parts even of Macedonia. The other powers, fearing the control which Russia, by a great dependent Bulgaria, would gain in the Balkan peninsula, protested against this treaty, Lord Beaconsfield heading the opposition to it, and in a general Congress which met at Berlin in July, 1878, made a new disposition. Bulgaria was limited to the region between the Balkans and Roumania, as an "automatic and tributary principality," under the suzerainty of the Sultan, but with a prince of its own choosing, to be confirmed by the Porte with the consent of the powers. The ruler chosen was Prince **Alexander** of Battenberg. South of Bulgaria, on the other flank of the Balkans, a province was formed, and called Eastern Roumelia, as an integral part of Turkey, yet "subject to conditions of administrative autonomy." That is, it had a Christian Governor-General, appointed by the Porte with the consent of the treaty powers, and its own gendarmerie and militia—this accounting for the easy and bloodless success of the late revolt at Philippopolis.

Thus the Roumelian revolt at once challenged the signatory powers to vindicate their own dignity, and warned Turkey to hurry forward troops into the disaffected region, as she had a right to do under the treaty, "if the internal or external security of the province should be menaced." But Turkey hesitated, as if paralyzed by the boldness of the movement, or in doubt what scheme of Russia and Austria might underlie it, and the golden moment for action was lost. She remembered her bitter experience with Bulgarian insurrections ten years before, and waited for the support of the powers, who, after all, only appointed a conference of ambassadors at Constantinople, which till now has done nothing decisive. Meanwhile Prince **Alexander** aided irresolution by ardently renewing his allegiance to the Sultan, pledging him the support of "the two Bulgarias" in keeping Macedonia quiet, and perhaps promising that the tribute should still go on. Still, he took the precaution to mobilize all his troops, and "the two Bulgarias" speedily became like a vast camp, trade being almost at a stand-still till union should be assured.

Now war clouds from a new source rose in the sky. Servia and Greece called for the restoration of the *status quo ante* in Roumelia and the vindication of the Berlin Treaty, declaring that Turkey must fight Bulgaria or fight them. The selfishness of this position was supreme, for the cause of Roumelia being that of greater release of a Christian community from the Turkish yoke, and union on the footing of nationality, was the cause in which they had once struggled, and for which they had implored aid. Its selfishness became more evident when both Servia and Greece expressed a willingness to accept Bulgarian union if territorial compensation were made to them. Turkey, however, in this instance, wanted just what they professed to want—the sundering of the Bulgarian union; hence why should they come to her for indemnity, and why fight her?

The illogical position of Servia and Greece did not check their preparations. Both countries rose in arms, and swept their monarchs before them to a war policy. King **George** of Greece found his subjects clamoring for a slice of Macedonia. King **Milan** of Servia found that he must fight or risk dethronement, and had needed no such spur to fight. He was hailed as "ruler of Macedonia," while cries arose from his troops to be led into "Old Servia," of which Prisrend was the ancient capital. But Austria has been the patron of King **Milan**, and Prisrend is on her coveted path to Salonica, to be taken whenever Russia goes to Constantinople. The Servian battalions therefore turned eastward to indemnify themselves out of Bulgaria; for it happens that this country possesses in the city and suburbs of Widdin a corner which Servia considers rightfully hers as a part of Old Servia, though the Congress of Berlin withheld it. Prince **Alexander**, an experienced soldier, summoned every available man to oppose this menace of King **Milan**.

With Turkey, Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria on the brink of hostilities, the issues of peace and war, as these words are penned, hang equipoised in the scales.

THE KING OF DENMARK.

Christian IX., King of Denmark, "and of the Goths and Vandals," is more celebrated through his children than in his own person. One of his daughters is the Empress of all the Russias; another will be Queen of England. One of his sons is King of Greece; another of his sons was married last week to the Princess **Marie** of Orleans. His successful devotion to the strengthening of his family by royal alliances seems to have diverted King **Christian**'s attention from the government of Denmark, which is by no means in a condition satisfactory to the inhabitants thereof.

For a long time the King has retained the **Estrup** Ministry against the wishes of the people and a vote of Parliament. The dissension between the monarch and his people really began nearly ten years ago, and the fight has been carried on with great vigor and spirit on both sides. The Volksthing, or Lower House of the Rigsdag, which makes appropriations for the public expenses, as in other countries constitutionally governed, has more than once resorted to the usual plan of coercing a king—that of cutting off the annual supplies. King **Christian** has always met this move by authorizing the levy of the necessary taxes under royal decree, at the same time rebuking the legislators. The present Ministry was formed in 1875, with **Estrup** as President of the Council and Minister of Finances. Since then this Ministry has continually lost ground in the Volksthing, until it can not now count upon ten supporters in over a hundred members. The Upper House, or Landsthing, has continued to stand by the King; but twelve out of its sixty-six members are directly appointed by him. Not only in Copenhagen has the opposition carried all before it, but throughout the country. The crisis came last month in a disturbance at a town in Jutland, where President **Berg** of the Volksthing was addressing his constituents. The Chief of Police sought to interfere, and **Berg** pushed him from the platform. For this the President was promptly sentenced by the courts to six months' imprisonment. At once popular anger broke out all over the country. The people as a whole are arrayed against the aristocracy and the rich proprietors, who side with the King. Unless the monarch makes concessions, the chances are that a revolution will dethrone him.

BROKE.

By J. S. WINTER,

Author of "Bootles' Baby," "Houp-La," etc., etc.

Several years before the Black Horse got their route for Warnecliffe, a young fellow walked into barracks one fine morning and asked for the shilling.

It was not an unusual proceeding, yet something unusual in his appearance made the adjutant ask him a string of rather unusual questions—unusual, that is, at such an interview.

"You want to enlist?" he said, giving him a sharp soldier's look up and down.

"If you please, sir," was the answer.

"Er—have you been in any trade?"

"No, sir."

"Know anything about horses?"

"I've been among them all my life," was the simple reply.

"Can you ride?"

The stranger laughed. "Yes, sir; I can ride."

"Ah! Can you—that is, do you know anything of Latin?"

"Yes," with a shrug of his shoulders, as if to indicate that his knowledge was not great in that line.

"Greek?"

"Ye—es," more doubtfully still.

"Modern languages?" persisted the adjutant.

"Ye—es," most doubtfully of all.

"Ah! what modern languages?"

"French," rather disparagingly, "and er—some German," was the reply.

"Oh, French, and *some* German; that means you speak French best. In fact, you're a gentleman."

"I shall not make the worse soldier for that, sir."

"I don't know—I don't know. They generally do. What's your name?"

"George Jones."

"George Jones. Oh! that's not your real name, of course."

"It is the name I wish to be known by, sir," with a certain air of dignity, which made the adjutant think better of him all in a moment.

"I see—I see. Well, now will you take my advice?"

"I don't know till I hear what it is," guardedly.

The adjutant laughed. "It is good, and it is disinterested, for men of your age and build are just what we want."

"And it is—?" asked the stranger.

"To go home and make it up with your people. No—stay," as he was about to speak. "I know what the life is; you don't. My father is Lord Dayrell, but I rose from the ranks, and I know what it is. It's all very well for the general run of recruits; it saves them from worse things; but to one of us it's a life of—well, never mind, only I never enlist a gentleman if I can possibly help it. You had better go home and make it up again."

The lad—for he was but little more—shut his mouth like a steel-trap, and turned a face full of resolution and dogged determination upon the officer. "I'm very much obliged to you, sir, but if you won't enlist me, I can try another regiment."

"Oh! very well—very well; I'll take you," shrugging his shoulders with an air of regret that his advice had not been better received. "But you don't mean to wear those rings, do you?"

The lad who wished to be known as George Jones looked down upon his rings and blushed—positively blushed.

"I'll take them off; I forgot them"—apologetically, and slipping them off his hand.

"Have you no one you can send them to?" questioned the officer, kindly. "You will certainly lose them if you keep them in your kit; besides, it's not right to leave them about—they're a temptation."

The lad hesitated. "I—if you wouldn't mind—or"—he stammered.

"Oh yes; I'll seal them up and keep them for you if you like," returned the officer. So the young man handed over the rings, a few formal questions were put, and then the adjutant raised his hand to touch the little bell which would summon the sergeant from the outer office. Something, however, made him stay the gesture and ask yet another question.

"You were at Eton?" he said.

The other looked at him hard for a moment. "No; Charterhouse," he answered; "and I don't wish—"

"Very well; I will respect your wish. And now you can go. I hope you'll do well."

"Thank you, sir," answered George Jones, and followed the sergeant out of the room.

So, in due course of time, he became a trooper in the Twenty-fifth Regiment of Dragoons, more commonly known as the Black Horse, was measured for his uniform, put into the awkward squad, taught the mysteries of goose-step, and initiated into the horrors of that Inferno which is called the riding-school, and before very long had won the good opinion of almost the entire regiment, and had grown into one of the smartest dragoons in the whole of the ranks.

And the two rings which he had worn during that first interview with the adjutant remained still in the keeping of that officer, who before sealing them up and inscribing the packet with the name and regimental number of George Jones, had examined them in no small surprise and astonishment. One was a broad band of gold set with a single diamond of great purity and value, and inscribed within the ring with the single word "Edith"; the other was an exceedingly massive signet, set with a great lustrous amethyst, in which were cut the arms and motto of a certain noble house ranking almost with royalty in its princely state and grandeur.

"Good God! what a young fool! Some quarrel about a woman, I'll be bound," muttered Dayrell to himself. And then he sealed the two rings up in a sheet of paper, and put them for safety in the inmost recesses of his dispatch-box, after which, for anything which passed his lips, he apparently forgot all about the matter.

Whether it had been a quarrel about a woman which had been the means of inducing George Jones to enter the ranks of the Black Horse or not, that young gentleman neither deserted nor was bought off by his relatives. On the contrary, day after day slipped by and grew into weeks, weeks grew into months, months into years, and still he remained under his *nom de guerre*, growing from recruit into trooper, from trooper to corporal, and from corporal to sergeant, from which honorable position it was expected in the regiment he would soon be removed by the gift of a commission.

So far so good, and such was the history—the regimental history, that is—of Sergeant George Jones, who had quite proved himself an exception to the general belief among officers that the gentleman recruit is not likely to be of much good, or to turn out an acquisition of very high value. He had not found life in the ranks of the British army a bed of roses—quite the contrary. He had felt the pinch of the shoe many and many a time, till the pain of it was almost beyond endurance. He had sickened and turned aside in disgust and loathing from the food—supposed to be of the best, but presented by swindling contractors and well-tipped quartermasters and their favorite tools among the non-coms, under the noses of honorable subalterns who didn't know a leg of mutton from a shin of beef—how should they?

And there were other things which made the life exceedingly hard for a gentleman to bear, and much more so for this scion of nobility, whose boyhood had been passed amid princely splendor: the regular hours of work, the fetching and the carrying, the air of do this or do that, of come here or go there, with which the sergeants one and all were accustomed—as men who are not very well bred do if they happen to be clothed with a little brief authority—to address the unfortunate beings who are below them in rank. And there was one great want in his life, one great space which he had never a chance of filling—the want of companionship, the companionship of those of his own order. True, he did not want, or rather need not have wanted, for sympathy and for friendship had he cared to take such as lay to his hand. He was smart and straight and true; from first to last it was well known that his word was his bond, and that if a chap wanted a good turn done for him, George Jones, whether with the prefix of private, corporal, or sergeant, was the man he would be most likely to get to do it. There was many and many a fine young fellow in the Black Horse who would have laid down his very life for the man who had won the admiration of them all; who never gave himself any airs; who never treated the lowest-born among them with less civility and respect, so long as he kept a clean slate; who, as one poor passionate lad said—a lad who had come into the service off tramp, and had grown accustomed to carry all his lessons and numberless other difficulties to him—"Sergeant Jones is a 'owling swell, might be a dook, but bless my eyes if you'll ever 'ear from 'im any of the swagger that you gets from that stuck-up flunky of a pettifogging cobbler's son that 'as wormed 'isself into favor, and calls 'isself a quartermaster; no, blest if you do, no more nor if Sergeant Jones had been born under a hay-rick."

But when somebody repeated the same to Sergeant Jones, thinking he might get a little information out of him as to his belongings, he only laughed, and asked what on earth it could matter whether a man was born under a hay-rick or in a palace?

"I should say the palace was nearest the mark with you, sergeant," ventured the other.

"Nonsense!" said the sergeant, laughing again. "I was born at a little eight-roomed cottage in Scotland," and walked away.

"What they calls a shooting-box," said the other to himself—which, as a matter of fact, was a guess not wide of the mark by any means.

Upon the whole, therefore, it may be understood that, in spite of much that was intensely trying to himself, he got on well in and with the Black Horse, until at last, after nearly four years' service, he fell upon an evil day—a very evil day—on which he was posted for the duty of weighing and helping to pass the rations.

It certainly was not his fault, for the work was the most absolutely distasteful to him that he had ever been put to do since the day he joined the regiment. Still more certain is it that his being set to do it was not the work of the gentleman whom the ex-tramp had designated as "that stuck-up flunky of a pettifogging cobbler's son that 'as wormed 'isself into favor, and calls 'isself a quartermaster"; for he would as soon have posted the archangel Michael for the duty as Sergeant Jones, whom he knew to be a gentleman, and guessed was an aristocrat, and was, as he was well aware by experience, what he called "so beastly *h*onest." If the truth be told, and, as an accurate and truthful chronicler of the ways and doings of this particular regiment, I must tell the truth, it was the doing of our adjutant, the Honorable George Dayrell, who had long suspected that a good deal of dirty and underhand work was going on in the regiment, and had made up his mind to put a stop to it if it lay within human power to do it; and as he was pleased to give the order that George Jones should take his share of a certain duty, why neither Quartermaster Charles Murray nor Sergeant George Jones had anything to do beyond simply to obey, although Murray hummed and hawed and d——d a good deal, and Jones turned fairly sick within himself.

And so on the following morning he quietly took his turn, and an interest in the general proceedings such as made the quartermaster's fingers fairly itch to double themselves into fists and let fly at him straight in the eyes; and then, when about half-way through the business, he suddenly created a sensation by proclaiming, "*This meat stinks!*"

Immediately a profound silence was the result, in the midst of which the contractor came to his side, and, under pretense of examining the joint, said, in a hurried whisper: "Hush—sh! I'll give you twenty pounds to hold your tongue." In answer to which Sergeant Jones promptly knocked him down, without condescending to reply further.

A Babel of voices broke out instantly as the contractor lay spluttering on the ground. Sergeant Jones stood like a god of vengeance over the great ugly joint of raw meat; and then the quartermaster swaggered up and pretended to examine it as the contractor had done before him.

"The meat is sweet enough," he declared. "Arrest this man immediately."

Unfortunately down at the bottom of all his imperturbable coolness and *sang-froid* Sergeant Jones possessed a temper—a temper which when fairly roused might very reasonably have belonged to old Nick himself; more unfortunately still, it was roused then.

"The meat stinks," he reiterated, doggedly.

"Take the meat away!" roared the quartermaster.

"Touch it if you dare!" thundered the sergeant. "I hold it in the Queen's name."

"I say the meat is sweet enough," screamed the quartermaster, who was in a mortal fright lest adjutant or orderly officer should chance to look in.

"And I say it stinks—touch it at your peril!" thundered the sergeant, altogether forgetting the difference of their rank.

Thus dared, the quartermaster clawed at the joint, upon which the sergeant laid a resolute hand, with a grip like iron and the strength of a lion.

"Arrest this man instantly," cried the quartermaster, turning to the men at hand.

But nobody moved, and the other stood confronting him, with a contemptuous smile upon his handsome face.

"By all means," he said, coolly—so coolly that not a soul suspected the tempest of fury which in truth possessed him. "You, men, arrest me at once, *and the meat with me.*"

"Put the meat down!" yelled the quartermaster.

"I shall not *do that* till I put it before the adjutant," returned the sergeant, quietly.

"Address me in a proper manner, sir. I am one of your officers. Call me 'sir.'"

"*I* call you 'sir'!" contemptuously; he then lost his temper all in one blaze of wrath, and added, "I'll see you d——d first."

And then the fat was in the fire, and no mistake about it. All the same, George Jones stuck manfully to his joint of meat, and succeeded in depositing it at the feet of colonel and adjutant, when there was a right royal row, and he promptly found himself under arrest for using bad language to a superior officer.

"And why the devil couldn't you have reported it to me quietly?" asked Dayrell, irritably, when, an hour or two later, he visited the eagle in his cage—he was just like an eagle in a cage.

"Look here, sir," was the reply; "that's been done before. Sergeant Parkes tried that, and what was the result? The meat was changed, and Sergeant Parkes was broke for bringing a false charge against that double-dyed thief Murray, who is—I'm speaking as myself, if you'll allow me—the biggest villain unhung. What was the further result? The disgrace broke Parkes's heart as well as his stripes, and he went headlong to the devil, never did any good after, and drowned himself at last in a fit of delirium. *That* was the result of speaking quietly about it."

"Well, you'll be broke for this to a certainty," said Dayrell, vexedly.

The other shrugged his shoulders carelessly, but all the same a very dangerous gleam came into his blue eyes. "If I am—" he began, then checked himself. "Well, sir"—assuming the respectful official tone—"if I am, I am, and it can't be helped. But the colonel has the meat anyway, and it stinks."

"Yes, it stinks," agreed Dayrell, as if that was a very small matter for consideration. Then he said, suddenly, "By-the-bye, what in the world made you enter the service? Debt?"

"Oh no; I wanted a complete change, that was all. I wanted to lose myself for a bit and try to forget all I had ever known before. I was pretty miserable when I joined, but I'm about tired of the service now. It's a thankless sort of field—not worth keeping straight in. I think I shall clear out of it before long."

"Well, it will be a pretty thing for your family if you're broke for this," commented Dayrell, vexedly.

"My family! Oh, I shall not be the first of the family who has suffered in a good cause," returned the sergeant, carelessly; and so the adjutant left him to bear his captivity as best he might.

He did not like it at all; the enforced idleness was irksome to him; the lack of liberty fretted and worried him, and he had more time than he wanted to sit and think about the woman who had brought all this trouble upon him—the Edith whose ring of betrothal to him was still safe in the adjutant's keeping; the Edith who had jilted him for his elder brother, and for whose sake he had buried himself in what was simply a living grave, when he might much more sensibly and reasonably have gone to Africa and shot lions, whose skins he might have sent home to let her know how utterly he had ceased to regret her.

However, the past was past, and could not be undone now. Edith was his brother's wife, and he — thank Heaven for it! — was heart-whole again. Still, though he had made light of the matter to his adjutant, his spirit was not a little dismayed at the prospect of what the immediate future probably held in store for him—the prospect of being broke for what was in reality simply doing thoroughly the duty he had been told off to do. Or stay— No, it was not for that at all; and his just soul told him more plainly than any sentence of court-martial would have power to do that two wrongs do not make one right, and that he had been as wrong—though neither dishonest nor mean—to swear at the quartermaster as the quartermaster had been to cheat her Majesty's soldiers out of their proper and healthy rations. And in time the court-martial came off. Sergeant Jones had heard previous to this that an inquiry was pending concerning the quality of the meat supplied to the troops, but when his time came he found that this fact did not save him in the least. He had sworn at a superior officer in the presence of many witnesses, and the sentence of the court-martial was that he be therefor reduced to the ranks, or, in common military parlance, "broke," for it.

The Black Horse were all as sorry as men could be for it, with the exception of the dishonest steward, who vainly imagined from this result to the trial that his own affair would be hushed up and made light of. It was with a fiendish joy that he saw the handsome sergeant brought out to be disgraced in the eyes of the whole regiment to which he had been so great an ornament and credit.

It was over in next to no time. There was just a general parade, the reading of the sentence, a rip or two with a penknife, and then George Jones was marched off, a sergeant no longer, but only a private, number 862.

He bore it well. The entire sympathy of the regiment went with him. To a man the Black Horse could and would, with a little encouragement from the victim, have risen and stamped Quartermaster Charles Murray into a shapeless jelly. But not one word of encouragement did they get.

"Wait a while," said he. "I deserved to be broke, for I knew better than to swear at an officer; at least I ought to have known better. I ought to have known better, too, than to let my devil of a temper get the upper hand of me as I did. But wait awhile."

So the men did wait, and before very long the news spread like wild-fire throughout the ranks that George Jones had bought himself off, and that his place would know him no more.

"And he never done nothing to pay that Murray out!" cried one.

"Well, *I* don't believe in a-setting down and bearing every kick that's given you," said another.

"Jes you wait," cried the ex-tramp, whose faith in his patron had never wavered, "and you'll see."

Thus confidently bidden, they did wait, and they did see—what gladdened the heart of every true man among them. For one morning about a week after George Jones had said good-by to his old comrades, there turned in at the barrack gates a smart high cart and a pair of bay cobs driven tandem. *He* was driving—a groom sat behind. He looked neither right nor left, but drove straight down to the officers' quarters, and sent in a card for the quartermaster, Mr. Murray, The card was inscribed "Lord Ronald Sartoris."

Mr. Murray was in his own quarters, and came bustling out in haste when he heard that no less a person than Lord Ronald Sartoris was inquiring for him, and then when he found that Lord Ronald Sartoris and Sergeant Jones were one and the same man, and that he carried a long, lithe, stinging, cutting tandem whip, he— Well, as the troopers said among themselves when talking it over later in the day, "By ——, but it *was* fine."

And after that Mr. Murray sent in his papers, but the exact meaning of it the ranks never knew. But, as they said, "It *was* fine."

ATTACKING AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

The chase of hostile Indians, to adopt a nautical phrase, is usually "a stern chase," and consequently a long one. Having broken up their band into parties of four and five, these Indians are still able to rob and murder. In the pursuit, the United States soldiers suffer from those disadvantages which must always accompany regularly equipped troops. They have ever been dependent on some base of supplies. It is difficult to imagine how it could have been otherwise. In the recent Apache war the pursuing forces stripped themselves of all superfluities, and imitated the savages in every way, indifferent as to wagons and supply trains.

In attacking an Indian camp daybreak is invariably chosen. Just before the sun rises both white and red men sleep the soundest, and vigilance is somewhat relaxed. The camp has been carefully reconnoitred, and its approaches studied. The scouts have given all the points to the commander of the advancing column. The forward movement has been stealthily accomplished and properly timed. The troopers have been hidden in some wooded clump, or behind rising ground, or in a ravine, awaiting anxiously the dawn. Generally one-third of the force is held in reserve, that is, if it is numerically strong enough. At last the signal is given. Then, with a yell, the troopers clap spurs in their horses, and burst into the Indian camp, and pistol and sword do their terrible work. It is not often that the resistance met with is very serious, for in a surprise, according to military probabilities, the assailants have most of the chances in their favor. The Indian as a warrior is not seen at his best in an attack on his camp.

The lesson taught the savage foe when his camp is taken is generally a lasting one, for nothing seems to break his spirit more. Almost always a clean sweep is made. The reserve, which has been carefully kept in hand, is unloosed at the proper moment. Fugitives are cut off and ponies captured; the camp is generally burned. Still, mercy is shown. Officers exert themselves to restrain their men from inflicting unnecessary punishment. Women and children, as non-combatants, are never harmed. Cases have, however, been cited where Indian lads of twelve and fourteen have fought like tigers. A notable one is on record of an Indian boy, mounted on a small pony, who with a bow and arrow wounded several soldiers. The lad might have been easily killed by an officer with his pistol, but this gallant man declined shooting. The officer was, however, obliged to charge the Indian boy with his heavier horse, and dismounting him, took him prisoner.

THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

The commemoration of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes on the 18th of October, 1685, must excite a general interest. Every civilized nation has profited from the misfortunes of France and the dispersion of the Huguenots. The edict of revocation was not published until the 22d; from that eventful day to the opening of the French Revolution reform ceased to be spoken of in France. The reformers had fled from its hostile borders. They fled in great numbers to Prussia, and laid the foundations of its material and industrial prosperity. They filled Holland and Switzerland with the new energy of progress. They passed over to England, founded its silk-works and its linen-works, and fought bravely on the side of reform in the armies of Holland and William III. Some of the best seamen of the age were Huguenots, but they were found only in the ships of Amsterdam and London. A settlement of Huguenots, under the son of Admiral Duquesne, made its way to Cape Colony. In America they brought to New York, New Jersey, South Carolina, and all the sea-board colonies the virtues and the courage of a persecuted people, and a hatred for tyranny that helped to open the path to independence.

The Edict of Nantes (1598) had given the reformers of France a limited toleration. They had their churches, schools, and libraries. They were chiefly of the industrial classes; they were still shut out from most public employments by the popular feeling, and from all royal or court favor by the preponderance of the ruling Church. But their pure morals and their regular lives made them admirably suited to the pursuits of industry and trade; vice and indolence marked all other classes with an indelible stain. But the Huguenots, active and bold, excelled in whatever they attempted. They became the most famous craftsmen, farmers, vine-growers, mechanics, paper-makers, silk-workers, and artisans of the day. Labor and temperance produced among them the clearest and most active intellects of France. Their cities were hives of industry. Their mills and factories were never idle. England bought its cloths at Rochelle, and Huguenot sailors carried the French flag to distant seas. French literature began to flourish in this moment of prosperity as it had never done before. The intellect of the nation was advancing, but it was all in the hands of the Huguenots.

The reactionists of the court and the Church had never ceased from persecution. Envy and jealous rivalry had followed the Huguenots in all their history. Louis XIV., sensual and bigoted, had early resolved upon their utter destruction. The Jesuits and the clergy urged him to his fatal resolution. One by one the poor privileges of the reformers were abridged. Their books were prohibited, their colleges broken up, their teachers exiled, their industries restricted by law. They were allowed to bury their dead only at night. Sometimes, under bitter persecution, they had risen in revolt, but in general the barbarous king had no more obedient subjects, At length their painful story reached its climax. The Edict was repealed. Every Protestant temple was thrown down, every Protestant pastor exiled; even private worship was forbidden. Those who attempted to escape, when intercepted, were sent to the galleys, and the voice of reform was to be hushed forever in France.

The scenes of persecution that followed are too shocking to be recorded in history. It is estimated that five hundred thousand of the purest and wisest of the French went into exile. History has no nobler example of self-sacrifice and devotion to the cause of progress, and France may well cherish the memories of its Huguenot martyrs. Men, women, children, the young and old, the rich and nobly born, the artisan, the laborer, the scholar, and the author, all left their happy homes and fertile lands, moved by a single heroic impulse. They demanded freedom of thought; their ungrateful country refused them even a shelter. The reactionists had been successful; the voice of reform was heard no longer. France sank down into a sensual decay; its people perished for want of food. Its kings and priests recall the "rabble rout" of Comus; but history still traces the barbed arrows of reform descending in the fiery hail of the Revolution.

The Huguenots carried their clear intellects and their industrious habits wherever they came. They were everywhere the chief support of freedom. They filled up the army and fleet of William III., and helped to make England free. Huguenot names appear in the front ranks of English politics and letters. Ruvigny, Schomberg, a Frère, a Trench, a Romilly, and an endless line of later authors, statesmen, and thinkers, adorn the land of their adoption. In Holland, Bayle, Jurieu, Descartes, Huyghens, and a brilliant list of exiled authors recall the intolerance of France. But no nation has profited more largely from the vigor of the Huguenot intellect than ours. They led on the movement of reform. Some chose the party of reaction, but nearly all were on the side of progress. Of the seven Presidents of the Congress at Philadelphia, three—Boudinot, Jay, and Laurens—were Huguenots. The Clintons of New York inherited the free impulse of the De Witts. Faneuil Hall was the gift of a Huguenot to the Revolution. Massachusetts and South Carolina won from them a new dread of European tyranny. Laurens, Manigault, and Marion, of South Carolina, revived the heroic element of the days of the Dragonnades, and Louis XIV. had sown the dragon's teeth that were to devour his successors.

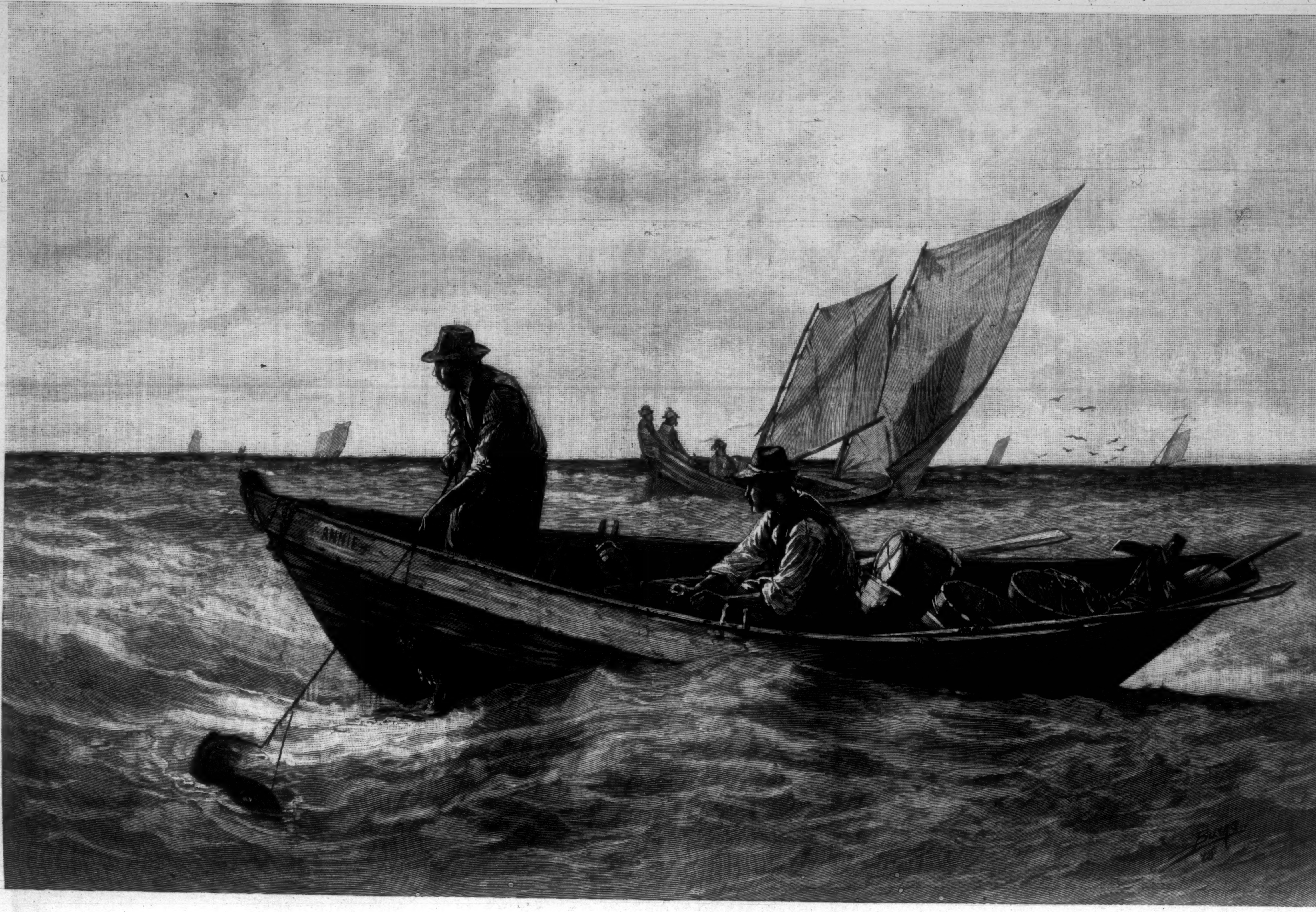
Over the dreadful scenes of human misery that followed the Revocation the party of ignorance and reaction exulted with insane joy. They fancied that they had turned back the tide of progress. Their chief victims had been the working classes. It was in regular labor that the Huguenots had learned their honesty and their love of justice. But to the barbarous king and his cruel priests justice and honesty were as little known as purity or pity. Massillon rejoiced in the miseries of the Huguenots; the Eagle of Meaux fixed his talons in the flesh of his hapless countrymen. It is a sad scene over which the Huguenots in every land will meditate and rejoice. Two centuries have passed since the Revocation. The exiles of France are scattered over the whole earth. They may well assemble on the 18th of October, in Asia, Africa, America, and Europe, to recognize their common origin, and survey with pride the triumph of the principles for which their ancestors suffered or died.

Eugene Lawrence.

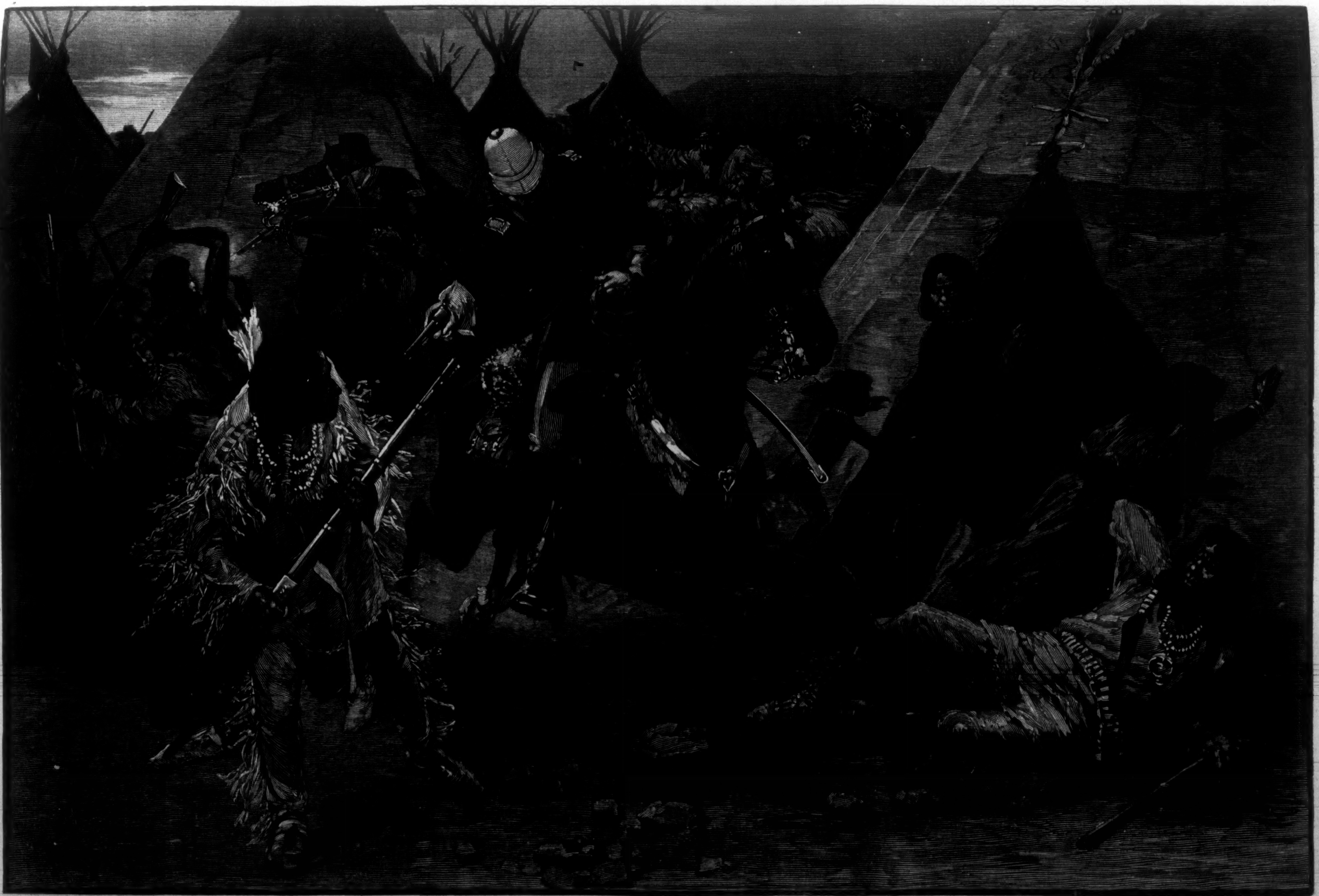
THE CITY OF ST. PAUL.

Wonderful by reason of its rapid and solid growth, St. Paul is among the most interesting of American cities also by reason of its picturesque situation. In rapidly taking advantage of the opportunities offered by the great Northwest to build a metropolis at the head of navigation of the Mississippi, the builders of St. Paul did not forget to use to good advantage the charming site that nature gave them for a beautiful city; and if the builders of the city had been consulted by Nature about the construction of a site, it would be difficult to imagine what improvement they could have suggested. By the river's edge there is enough lowland for the great depot which the railways use in common, for storehouses, and for the handling of heavy freight that is shipped by water or by rail. On a ledge somewhat higher is the wholesale quarter of the city. Above this is another plateau, which the retail merchants occupy; and still higher up are the hotels, the substantial public buildings, Federal, State, County, and Municipal, and the shaded avenues of handsome residences. Seen from any direction, the city itself affords a fine view, but from no point of observation is any large portion of it visible. The view in any direction from many points in the city is no less commanding. While so excellent a site is the gift of nature, the city has been so built as to show uncommon appreciation of it, and to get the advantages of such a situation. The convergence of streets from every direction at one point is confusing to a stranger, but the effects are both convenience and beauty. Within the twenty-one square miles embraced in the city's limits are blocks of commercial buildings, large warehouses, hotels, and public buildings, all within an area as small as is required for the transaction of business, and the residences are left to occupy the commanding elevation with such prodigality of grounds as the owners can afford. Convenience without crowding has been attained in an almost ideal way.

The distinction of St. Paul is that though it has been quickly built, it has been built wisely. Its importance as a great railway centre, the vast and rich agricultural territory tributary to it, the mines, the timber, and the manufacturing enterprises that have so rapidly given it metropolitan importance, caused more money to be spent there in buildings in 1883 than in any other American city save only New York and Chicago; and the eleven millions of dollars that were spent in buildings that year did not outrun the demand, for a larger amount was spent last year. In 1883, 49 public buildings were erected, 434 business houses, and 3124 residences. The population, which was 20,030 in 1870, became 41,473 in 1880, and the census that has been taken this year shows the prodigious increase to 111,397. Its commercial transactions have kept pace with this increase of population. In 1881, the volume of its wholesale business was $46,500,000; in 1882, $66,500,000; in 1883, $72,000,000; and in 1884, more than $80,000,000. Few cities in the world, and none except others in the West, have had such fabulous growth; and rapidity of growth has not been attained at the expense of solidity. St. Paul has not been built to be rebuilt, for its blocks of commercial buildings, many of the residences, and most of the public buildings will not be made useless or antiquated by many more years even of such progress as it has made this last half-decade. Its prosperity does not depend on any one industry, nor on its situation merely, but on the aggregate interests of agriculturists, manufacturers, and merchants in one of the richest sections of the world's granary, which is not a granary merely, but a land rich also in products of the dairy, in fruits, in timber, and in iron ore.



COD-FISHING.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 709.]



INDIAN WARFARE—THE ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 711.]

HALF-WAY.[*]

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XVII.

CUT THE GORDIAN KNOT.

ANATOLE'S skill in English had wonderfully increased since Mrs. Brindle's arrival, and the pair could now converse upon any topic. In spite of her avowed distrust of the French nation, the worthy woman felt implicit reliance in this new ally—Anatole, it must be admitted, fully reciprocating such cordial sentiments. He was ready, as he enthusiastically put it, to cut himself into two for Madame Brindelle—thus musically was her surname modified to suit fastidious French tongues and tympanums. No sooner had she quitted Camma than she summoned him to a consultation in the garden. Here Ann Brindle often took a little turn whilst her patient drowsed, keeping strict watch all the time over the outer door of the chalet, whilst the keys of the inner were safe in her pocket. A very Proteus of a garden was this—a nursery one moment, a shaving saloon the next; to-day a refectorium of pious virgins bound to the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, to-morrow a mess-table of roistering hussars on their way to a distant garrison town. Meantime the carnations and balsams flourished as luxuriantly as in a parterre dedicated expressly to their use; the air was fragrant with mignonette, and about the shrubberies, as they might indeed be called, of pink and pale yellow marvel of Peru fluttered the tame pigeons, they also appearing to take the liveliest interest in these varied incidents of the day. Hither now came Mrs. Brindle and Anatole at that hour of the afternoon when even in this bustling hotel there seemed absolutely nothing for anybody to do. The mid-day breakfast over, no one wanted to refect till dinner; the mid-day trains had carried away one set of travellers, and the evening contingent would not yet arrive to occupy the rooms prepared for them. So from master to scullion every one contrived to snatch an interval of rest, some indulging in a cigarette on the boulevard close by, others drowsing with one eye open and ear only half shut to any possible summons.

The two allies, Mrs. Brindle and Anatole, contrived to accomplish whatever they had to say without using many words. Indeed, they left out every syllable that was not absolutely necessary. An aspirant after oratorical skill might have spent his time worse than in listening to these dialogues, for terseness not excelled by Tacitus, as to metaphor hardly surpassed by the Prophet Jeremiah himself, whilst for point and pithiness it is a question whether even the great Verulam could have improved upon them.

Ann, having for the time at least recovered her spirits, now set to work to tell her story in the fewest possible words—indeed, at first dispensing with words altogether.

Displaying the little piece of paper which Camma had just given her, she raised one finger in the direction of Millison's chamber, another toward the open country, finally placed a third on her lips to denote the necessity of extreme caution, and, behold! Anatole was already master of the situation.

"Off like a shot, one morning early, nobody the wiser," he said, with a knowing look. Ann nodded acquiescence, then contrived, by means of signs and short emphatic speech, to make him understand the possible difficulties in the way of her little scheme. There was the doctor, for instance. How would he view the question?

"My good Madame Brindelle," replied the astute Anatole, eking out his slender stock of English words with French equivalents or gesticulation, "pills and priests, doctors and breviaries, never too good friends." A neat way of expressing the gulf that must ever divide science from theology.

"The master?" then asked Ann, thinking that a hotel-keeper is bound to be friends with all the world.

"Travellers pay their bills. Angels or devils, hotel-keeper bids them a polite *Bon voyage!*" Anatole replied.

That little truth contained a good deal of truth in a nutshell also. What business, forsooth, has the most conscientious master of an inn with his guests when once they have scored off their reckoning? A pretty life he would have of it did he feel bound to inquire into each man's errand, or, for that matter, each woman's either! Number One may be a Fenian with a scheme in his pocket of blowing up London; Number Two is perhaps a runaway wife joining her paramour; Number Three a recalcitrant debtor; Number Four may have half a million's worth of stolen bonds in his valise; Number Five holds in her bonnet-box love-letters from that paragon of the domestic virtues, Kaiser This, King That, or Prince T'other; Number Six, although wearing the guise of a woman, is some second D'Eon, or maybe a highway assassin; whilst Number Seven, presumably a modest young abbé, is quite possibly neither modest nor young nor an abbé, but some impudent adventuress or female pickpocket who has put on this disguise. In short, an innkeeper above all others is bound to take most things for granted, and, like the great Nelson, to turn his blind eye toward that especial object he does not wish to see.

"Then the sooner the better," says Ann, her mind relieved now on the score of both doctor and master. "Madame Brindelle commands," Anatole answered, sententiously.

Ann mused. Why not to-morrow? Why not at eight o'clock in the morning? The priestly intrusion of to-day was already over; the doctor's visit remained to come. Once his consent given to Millison's removal and the rest would be easy. Anatole might obtain permission to make the little journey with them, in order to smooth away any difficulties on the road. Arrived at their destination and Camma, Millison convalescent, the pair thrown daily together, who could tell what might or might not happen?

"Better to-morrow, then; and better at eight o'clock," said Ann.

"There the horses," Anatole said, pointing to the stable; "there the carriage," indicating the coach-house; "and here the will," he added finally, touching his forehead.

"It won't rain?" asked Mrs. Brindle, suddenly looking upward with that insular habit of consulting the weather she had not yet learned to shake off.

"To-morrow no rain, not if the salvation of every soul depended on it," retorted Anatole. "The clouds empty as most people's skulls."

The pair contrived to take counsel together for a time, Anatole helping himself out of difficulties with French words and mimetic devices. Like Mrs. Brindle, he could always contrive to make his meaning clear as day, sometimes with two words, sometimes with one, very often without any at all, and by the time their interview had ended they perfectly understood each other. Millison was to be spirited away next morning early, and his whereabouts was to be kept close. Everything happily settled so far, Ann returned to her patient, now fully dressed and sitting up for the first time.

"How lively you look, Ann!" he said. "What is your good news?"

"First the good, then the bad," said Ann. "We no more get one without t'other than we ever shell a dish of pease without finding a maggot."

"Well, let us have the pease first," laughed Millison.

"The pease is this," Mrs. Brindle said, bluntly: "Miss Camma wants you to go into the country, and has found the place and hired the rooms and all, and expects us to-morrow. This is the name of the place."

The young man read the address Ann held out to him, and asked, musingly: "Does she really wish me to go?"

"It looks like it," Ann replied, "since she was off this morning early on purpose to have everything ready. 'Tis a sweet place, so they say, with green meadows, and cows a-feeding in a pightle,[*] and hens a-cackling, and clothes hanging out to dry. I feel in heaven when I think of it."

Millison smiled good-naturedly. "I don't see why I should not go to this El Dorado—"

"That isn't the name," quoth Ann. "Look at the piece of paper."

"Well, this paradise, as you seem to think it, for, say, one week. I should like to see Camma, and nice as this hotel is, it is a hotel, after all—a sort of beehive that buzzes. I long, too, for the sight of fields and hedges."

"Miss Camma will show you plenty of fields and hedges. You'll weigh half a stone more in no time," Ann answered, delightedly.

"Then, Ann, you arrange everything. I am quite ready to go for a few days; and as Camma has set her heart upon it, I would not disappoint her on any account. Now for the bad news you hinted at just now."

"Now or never," says Ann. "Mr. Millison, I must tell you one thing: if you go to Rome and shave your head, Miss Camma will marry a Frenchman. There be some a-kneeling to her already."

"Why, have you seen them?" asked Millison, arching his handsome brows.

"I have seen quite enough," Ann said, mysteriously. "And if anything could be worse than your father's son becoming a papist priest, it would be for Miss Camma to marry a mountebank Frenchman."

"I don't think Camma will be in a hurry to marry at all," Millison replied. "But if I were a girl, I would rather marry a mountebank Frenchman, as you call it, than an Anglican curate."

"Lor', Mr. Millison, you say that, and a parson's son born and bred?"

"That may be the very reason," said the young satirist, gently. "The sons of sea-faring men, as you know, seldom take to the sea; confectioners can't abide mince-pies, and butchers turn vegetarians. Surfeit begets loathing."

"If everything goes by contraries, then," cries Ann, "you certainly ought not to wear a black surplice down to your toes, and learn the New Testament backward in Latin."

"Ah! one Church may be as unlike another as the Pope himself is unlike the Archbishop of Canterbury. I shall never, I fear, get you to see that," said Millison.

"I shall have sense enough to see anything when I get into the country and hear the cocks crowing on a dunghill," replied Ann. "So much chimney smoke and commotion muddle my brains."

"You get me into the country, then, without any trouble," Millison replied, smiling, "and who knows! I may bring you to my ways of thinking in no time. I must say a day like this makes me wish to hear the cocks crow on a dunghill too."

The business was managed next day with exquisite neatness. By eight o'clock Millison Methold had vanished from the hotel completely, and the chalet was being turned inside out, swept, scoured, and garnished for new-comers. When, later in the day, a black-robed visitor called to make inquiries, he was politely referred to the visitors' book. No entry being found there, the master of the hotel, with the utmost urbanity, explained that, according to existing police instructions in France, tourists were no longer compelled to vouchsafe any information on the subject of their movements. A statement exactly in accordance with the truth.

The doctor might certainly have afforded the desired clew, but he was already off on his autumn holiday. Truth to tell, there were a good many pious pilgrimages to various attractive spots just then, and this hard-working practitioner with a young family had availed himself of a cheap excursion to some famous spot in the Pyrenees—in other words, had joined a pilgrimage to Lourdes. Anatole, from whom a hint might have been got, had vanished also. As the saying goes, he had bettered himself, and quitted the hotel for good. And this was an exactly veracious statement also, for Anatole, for the time being at least, was now in Millison Methold's service, with high pay as valet, courier, and general man of business, and next to nothing to do.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PLUNGE INTO THE UNKNOWN.

IT is a drive of four hours from the capital of this once famous kingdom of eastern France to the sweet place whither our travellers were bound, worthy, indeed, of being called its El Dorado, if one can be declared the paragon out of so many. In quite another direction you may find scenes as sylvan, as seductive, although of a widely divergent character. Did not the tuneful Lamartine pen some of his delicious idyls amid Burgundian glens and cascades? The poet's voice is hushed, but the crystal spring he sang of ripples as musically over its mossy bed, the miniature lake reflects as pure a heaven, the thickets still ring with woodland notes. And in yet another direction, breaking the monotony of a vast plain, we come upon an Eden no less enchanting—a close-shut emerald green valley, traversed by a noisy little river, its velvety nooks and shady courts hardly desecrated by human tread from the beginning of the year to its close. The carriage occupied by Millison Methold and his companions, bearing him in more senses than one toward the region of the unknown, was, however, taking an opposite route. The two places just mentioned lie close to different lines of railway, but the especial spot selected by Camma for her convalescent was as far removed as any spot can well be nowadays from the steam-engine and railway whistle. It is only reached by the slow, cumbersome diligence, and in winter often not reached at all. For an hour the road lay amid dusty suburban country—no country at all, in the true sense of the word—but Ann's spirits rose nevertheless. There were as yet no cows feeding and no hens cackling. She yet seemed to feel them in the air, to sniff them a mile off, she said. Millison, with his eye educated to a subtler appreciation of natural beauty, soon began to look around him, much surprised.

"Unaccountable," he mused. "My father and Aubrey travel through this part of France every year on their way to Switzerland, and always declare it to be a hideous country. My stars, how beautiful!"

"Much better than a spick and span town, leastways," cried Ann. "And though French folks never wash themselves, and have no religion in them, and run away with other men's wives, they're blessed with potato fields and gooseberry bushes as well as ourselves, which shows that the Almighty is no respecter of persons."

"If they don't wash themselves, it must be because they never get dirty, for they look clean enough; and as to religion, and other men's wives, you and I know little at present," Millison replied; "but potato fields and gooseberry bushes! How can you think of *them*, Ann, when you have such a scene before your eyes? I never saw anything more beautiful in my life."

"Oh, Mr. Millison! and you born and bred on the banks of the Orwell."

"The banks of the Orwell are pretty enough, but this is scenery of a different kind. The two can not be compared."

"God forbid that I should ever compare French things to English, be they dumb rocks or jabbering crows," ejaculated Ann, fervently.

"You had better not try it, Ann," Millison replied, quietly. "You might find that we do not come so well off as you think."

Then he gave himself up to silent enjoyment of the scene, Ann wisely locking her lips also. The admirable woman possessed one inestimable faculty: though no one more delighted in discussion, she could be silent when occasion demanded. Millison meantime drew deep breaths of rapture and contentment. With that passionate clinging to all kinds of beauty often instinctive in wild ungovernable natures, he now threw heart and soul into the exquisite hour. The load of moral ugliness oppressing his spirit as a nightmare was at last cast off. For a time passed away all trace of the stern mental conflict recently gone through, the after-exaltation, in which he had fancied lay deliverance. He was merely a healed man jubilating in the sense of recovered strength, a mere loiterer along Nature's ways, an idler enjoying a golden holiday. For an hour then the road went its monotonous way under a blinding sun. Past dusty fields, brand-new barracks, drying grounds, market-gardens, bowled the carriage easily, till on a sudden the scene changed as if by enchantment. They had reached the head of a wondrously lovely valley—valley within valley were the better designation for the shelving rocks, lawny terraces, and golden-green dingles unfolding to view gradually, all fresh, dewy, and deserted as if now for the first time intruded upon by man. No wonder Millison gazed and gazed again with renewed delight!

The contrast was so striking, so unexpected. A few minutes before, it seemed as if that broad, straight, dusty road and hot white plain were interminable, as if they had no other prospect before them that day but a repetition of the same scenes. Now, instead of glistering white ways, parched fields, and formal alleys white with dust, as if a light powdering snow had fallen, their eyes rested on delicious coolness and greenery, and the ear was soothed with sounds of woodland streams and bubbling springs. Sweet and pastoral as was the landscape, it had yet elements of grandeur. Something of the ruggedness as well as the gracious smile of an Alpine scene was here. Far away the rocky parapets shutting in the valley showed grandiose forms, woods of larch and pine lifted their arrowy crests against the azure, and many a mountain stream might be seen tumbling horizontally down shelving rock or green hill-side. And nowhere in the world could knolls be found softer, more dazzlingly bright, rivulets more crystal clear, richer, more umbrageous shadow. Not a trace was now left of the flat, scorched, commonplace region just quitted. As just before it seemed as if the plain were interminable, so the traveller might well fancy now that the windings of the valley would never come to an end either. They might well wish it to wind on forever! Nature here treated her worshippers as conjurers deal with rustics at a raree-show, every freshly displayed marvel surpassing the last. At each turn the valley grew fairer and fairer, and the world seemed remoter and more forgotten.

"What have you got in that big basket of yours, Ann?" cried Millison.

"The best I could lay hands on, be sure of that," quoth Ann. "'Tis only fools that put up with the middling, I say."

"You are right too where pounds, shillings, and pence are concerned," Millison replied. "When every Adam's son exacts his money's worth, cheats and clumsy folk will become a survival. But now do open your basket."

"It must be only a snack, then, for we are to have breakfast on the way, so he says," Ann made answer, glancing at Anatole. The Frenchman pricked up his ears.

"At this very moment," he said, looking at his watch, "the trout are being taken out of the river, the housewife is looking up fresh eggs for our omelet, and the cloth, I'll bet half a franc, is being laid for us. But a mouthful of sweet beer and a sip of good wine never spoiled a man's appetite for his meal yet. So eat away, sir, though we are already in sight of our inn."

True enough, a little white chalet might now be discerned in the bosom of the broadening valley; as if they could see it too, the sturdy horses quickened their pace, and in half an hour the tiny white speck gleaming in the distance had become reality. There, by no means spoiling the picture, stood a pleasant way-side hostelry with garden in the front and in the rear, summer-houses inviting to after-dinner repose, and, oh! delight of delights to Ann Brindle's Suffolk heart, hens cackling, cows feeding, and clothes hanging on the bushes to dry!

Pleasant the sight of way-side inn to wearied travellers, and pleasant in the ears of expectant host the sound of grinding wheels, as, with slackened pace, they approach his door. No sooner did Millison's carriage draw near than the little household—master and mistress, children, abigail, and stable-boy—came out to welcome the strangers, whilst a yet warmer and more delightful welcome awaited the valetudinarian within. He was comfortably settled in an easy-chair before the homely yet appetizing board, and wishing in a vague sort of way that Camma or some other sympathetic spirit was there to heighten this enjoyment, when lo! the place and the hour were suddenly made perfect by the very element just wanting. There flashed before his eyes a feminine presence, so rare, so exquisite, so vision-like in its unexpectedness and subtle, indescribable witchery, that he straightway forgot everything else. For the moment he lost sight of the fact that he was joining Camma and her French friends, and that they were pretty sure to meet him half-way.

This apparition was of course Jeannie d'Harcourt, and the manner in which she acquitted herself of her errand matched her appearance. Nothing could be more appropriate, neater, less affected.

"I am Mlle. Camma's French friend," she said, "and am come in her place to welcome you to our little Burgundian Switzerland. She thought it wiser to stay behind, as you two would naturally have much to talk about. We must not tire you in these first days of convalescence. We must not permit conversation to be too interesting at first."

Millison felt it easy to subside into monosyllables or silence, with Jeannie to look at and listen to; not that she was beautiful, or even appeared so in his eyes, nor did she possess the gift of *esprit* in a larger degree than many of her countrywomen, but there was the indescribable French finish, the inimitable sense of proportion in the least little particular—Michelet's charm of countless little nothings. For instance, that woodland dress she wore possessed fascination to unaccustomed eyes; inelaborate in appearance, every detail had nevertheless been gone into with fastidious care. Millison, already a critic in matters of feminine toilet, thought he had never seen so bewitching a costume. Yet Jeannie's straw hat was made by rustics in Bedfordshire, and that charming white cotton dress of hers, over which a basket of field pansies seemed to have been upset, certainly cost less than two shillings a yard.

"We did not know that you were bringing a French servant with you, and Camma feared Mrs. Brindle might meet with difficulties," continued Jeannie, doing the honors of the little hostelry with much zest and efficiency. Is it not, indeed, as much of an accomplishment to act the part of hostess to perfection as to cook a dinner to a turn?

"How delightful to find that you can eat!" she said. "Though, to tell the truth, nowhere in gastronomic Burgundy will you get trout with better flavor, an omelet more skillfully prepared, than at this little inn. And when we have breakfasted you must take a turn, just one turn, with me, before we continue our journey."

"When I shall have breakfasted indeed!" cried Millison, laughing gayly. "It seems to me as if I were making up for a month's starvation."

"As, indeed, in one sense you are," Jeannie replied, mother-like and sympathetic. "Camma has told us of your accident and illness. But this good air will soon restore you. We have all made up our minds to be perfectly idle for a month at least."

---

[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1499.

[*] Suffolk for inclosed meadow.

"I don't think idleness would be a difficult task here," Millison said, every moment getting farther and farther from his old life, his old self, and yielding to the fascinations of the place and the hour. "My only fear is that I shall never want to go away at all."

"Why should you want to go away?" laughed Jeannie. Then seeing herself on the verge of a thorny subject, for Millison's history was already familiar to her, she all at once looked round for Mrs. Brindle.

"Let your cousin's nurse breakfast with us," she said. "There is not too much time to spare."

But Ann could nowhere be found.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BEGINNING OF ONE IDYL.

Their meal over, Anatole helped Millison to a rustic seat in the front garden, then set out in search of Mrs. Brindle. There was an inclosed farm-yard at the back of the house, at most hours of the day teeming with animation. Just now, however, it was the time of soup, *l'heure de la soupe*, as French rustics say—in fact, it was the moment of the noonday meal, called breakfast in one locality, dinner in another. Every one employed on the premises—the washer-woman from the stream, the goose-girl from the waste, the haymakers from the reaches of the river, the wool-carders from their bench in the sun, gardener, groom, and stable-boy—all had been summoned to the merry board spread under the walnut-trees by the side door. And could a Teniers have been by to depict, a Balzac to describe, what a fine study of rural life was here! For these rustics of wine-growing France are not as our own, or, for the matter of that, as those of austere Brittany or sober, calculating Auvergne. The juice of the ripe grape stimulates the Burgundian to sociableness, repartee, jocularity. Life is taken easily even by those whose daily task is laborious. The mid-day refection, provided it is taken in company and out-of-doors, becomes a veritable banquet.

The farm-yard, then, was now deserted, except by the garrulous feathered population of hens and chickens. Ducklings were also here in that stage of lizard-like, gold-green perfection that makes them the loveliest little playthings of creation; a tiny basin had been made for them, and here they were learning to swim with the proud and, by comparison, ugly mother. Who can help noticing how ugly ducks always look beside their dazzling progeny?

Within sound of the festive scene under the walnut-trees, but screened from view, sat Nurse Brindle, fascinated by the sight of these familiar surroundings. When, indeed, Anatole found her, the good woman was shedding tears—tears of joy indeed they were, but big, substantial tears, nevertheless.

"Oh," she cried, "is it not beautiful? I could take one of those dear hens into my lap and stroke it as if it were some baptized babe. But hens are the same all the world over. Treat 'em properly, and no flummery. That's their motto."

"Plenty more hens there," Anatole said, pointing in the direction they were about to take. "But breakfast now."

"Breakfast at twelve o'clock! I wonder why people in this country can't call things by their proper names?" Ann cried, provocative, yet in high good-humor. "Well, give me a crust of bread and cheese and a glass of beer, and call it what you please." Then casting wistful glances at the hens burrowing in the sand and the ducklings on the miniature pond, she reluctantly followed her guide into the house. "Now," she said, "none of your foreign messes for me; something exactly like what I've seen before, and I'll look on whilst you eat up the rest."

The sight of the farm-yard and the sense of independence afforded by rural sights and sounds had restored Mrs. Brindle's mental equilibrium and made her quite self-asserting. Whilst Anatole regaled copiously, she watched him with good-natured wonder and a certain measure of kindly though silent contempt. The poor fellow was not accustomed to such an ordinary, and very willingly consented to do duty for both himself and Mrs. Brindle. Fish, flesh, and fowl, it was all one to Anatole; in the space of time devoted by the frugal Suffolk woman to her one dish he disposed of the remainder.

"An accommodating stomach, yours, sir," Ann said, as she made her dessert of ripe apples that might have grown, as she said, in a Suffolk orchard. "But, lor', look you, stomachs are like tempers, some are so easy you may go your ways and pay no attention to them. Brickbats or boiled chicken, 'tis all one. And others are so touchy, they seem to delight in baffling us. I've given up trying to rule mine long ago, so I just eat what he likes, not what I've a mind to."

Anatole, who was rapidly acquiring the English tongue under his mistress, seized the meaning of this speech, and replied, neatly: "Then mine must be feminine, and a very angel of sweetness and docility she is, I assure you, Madame Brindelle; I have never seen a sign of uppishness in her all my life."

Mrs. Brindle eyed the array of empty dishes with a quiet smile.

"Providence is at the bottom of it all, no doubt," she made reply. "Kitchens and stomachs and all, each suit according. I've a thing or two yet to learn before I die."

"You'll never learn any harm of French stomachs, depend on it," Anatole replied, as he airily went through the business of dessert. "Our worst enemies can't deny us that."

Meantime Jeannie had tempted her charge into a little stroll beyond the precincts of the inn, and with every step the young man seemed to regain elasticity and vigor.

What a little world of deliciousness they had found here! They were still within bow-shot of the bustling hostelry, yet already in the very heart of the woodlands. Before them, at their very feet, a rivulet parted the long lush grass, and, making dozens of little cascades, hastened to hide itself in the dark cool recesses of the forest.

Above the coppice-wood in which they found grateful shelter the gray rocks, crested with pale green larch, rose sheer against the brilliant sky. All around stretched the broad sunbright valley, here showing its full extent and beauty, the outer world quite shut out by wooded hill and airy scarp.

"We used to come here nutting as children, and we come here on the same errand still," Jeannie said, as they rested on a mossy bank and under the hazel boughs. "Why should we look upon such pastimes as childish, since they bring us into closest contact with Nature? To go a-nutting in autumn, or into the woods and fields for wild flowers—what is it but a mere excuse for getting out-of-doors, away from the world and worldly thoughts?"

Millison made vague answer as he studied his companion. She had introduced herself to him under the designation of a married woman, but without such initiative on her part he felt that he should have hesitated in addressing her as a maiden. All the attractiveness of girlhood was here without its shy, questioning reserve, its asking for confidence, yet shrinking from confidence too readily accorded, its dreamy, indefinite yearning to peer into the future and unriddle the mysteries of life.

This quiet assurance and utter absence of self-consciousness on the part of his new friend, coupled with the sense of independence afforded her by her position as matron, made the prospect of friendship doubly welcome. He wanted a friend, this poor Millison, threefold an outcast at twenty-two, cut off from home, his heart emptied of affection, his spiritual needs, as he already began to fear, but half satisfied, in spite of his resolve to give himself up to the priestly life. True, he had to a certain extent confided in worthy Ann Brindle; but just as in matters of daily concernment we need a scrubbing-brush one moment and a lyre the next, so in the more delicate affairs of friendship we require at one time the tonic of rough and ready counsel, at another, contact with finest susceptibilities and subtle powers of intuition and expansiveness. Thus it was with Millison Methold. The intercourse of the last week or two with a shrewd, sturdy, affectionate nature like Ann Brindle's had done much to clear his mental vision, and restore the healthful flow of his thoughts. He now wanted a different kind of sympathy; such sympathy, young as he was, he already began to realize that only an exquisite woman could accord.

He turned somewhat brusquely to his companion, and put the question, "Are you going to remain with Camma whilst we stay in this place?"

It was Jeannie's business now to study her new acquaintance. This youthful comrade and old lover of Camma Joye had interested her from the first. He had a frank, beautiful face, to begin with, in some respects a boyish face still. The skilled physiognomist could nevertheless discern that by virtue of conflict, experience, and ordeals of more than one kind the boy had long become man. It was not altogether an English face. Millison Methold owed his dark rich complexion, his well-turned sensitive features and dark eyes, to a Southern ancestress; doubtless to her, also, his quick, impulsive temperament, rendering him a foreigner and a stranger in the eyes of his own father. That passionate, ardent nature, too, no matter how circumstances might clip its wings and fetter its free action, must live, endeavor, love, suffer, after its own way. In spite of this volatile element, which betrayed itself in the least little thing, there was no sign of weakness in the young man's countenance. Impetuosity, rashness, wild resolve, reckless, nay, dangerous, willfulness and passion might be read there clearly enough, but no timid vacillation, no half-hearted conduct, no lapse into dependence or slavish mental subjection.

Something else Jeannie d'Harcourt read too in her brief, yet penetrating scrutiny. Lawless he might be, faulty he undoubtedly was, perhaps destined to be a failure, but Millison Methold's nature was not one to submit to self-degradation. Thus, at least, by the help of Camma's narrative, Jeannie d'Harcourt now read Millison's character and answered the question just put to her—"Shall we remain with you?" "That depends on the length of your own stay," she replied. "We have come, that is to say, my grandmother, my brother, and myself, according to French fashion, to drink the waters; none more efficacious than those of our little Burgundian spa, nestled behind yon hills." She added, laughing: "The orthodox cure lasts three weeks, and we shall stay that time, though, as far as we are concerned, nobody ails anything. The only invalid of the party is yourself. For you these iron waters will be really serviceable."

"I am very glad you will stay so long," Millison said, simply.

"And I am pleased that you are pleased. It is delightful to find how easily French and English folk like each other," was the dainty reply. Then she added, with a smile, "In spite of the supposititious antipathies the world believes in."

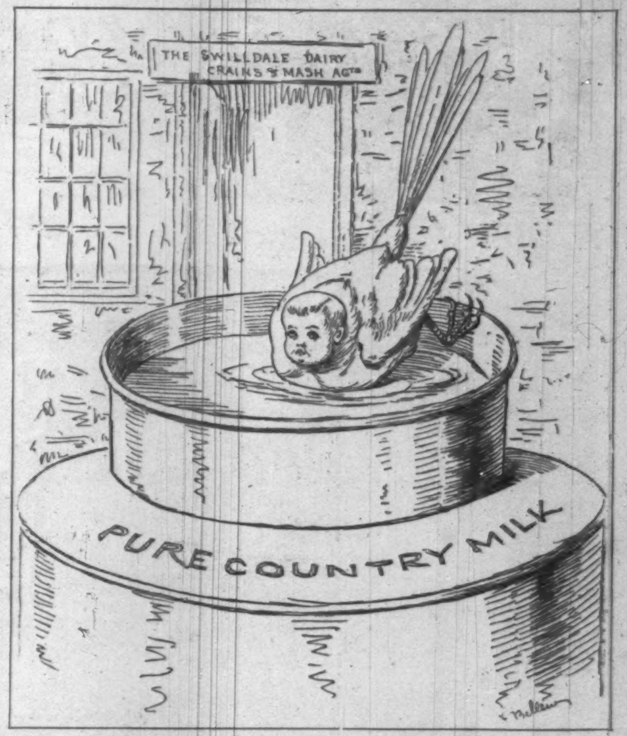
Millison smiled also, thinking of the Dean, of Aubrey, of their antipathies by no means supposititious. What would they say could they see him now?

So amid these sweet inland sights and sounds, amid purling brooks and leafy coverts of this little French Eden, islanded from the common world, one idyl more began. Two hearts became attuned to hitherto undreamed-of sympathies; two natures in harmony with each other happy chance had brought together from spheres and social atmospheres wide apart as pole and pole.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GENERAL JOHN B. WOODWARD.

"The Citizens' League" of Brooklyn is an organization made up from men of every party and of none, including Democrats, Republicans, "Mugwumps," "Scratchers," and Prohibitionists. Its members are not very numerous, but they are well distributed throughout the city, and are generally active, intelligent, and public-spirited. The first purpose of the League is to sustain the system of non-partisan, responsible city administration set up in Brooklyn by the adoption of the present charter five years ago, and established under the two terms of Mr. Seth Low as Mayor. It has done some very effective service in that direction. When the party conventions for the nomination of city officers met, the League urged on each the necessity of selecting a man of known independence and force of character who would carry out the policy already adopted. It specially urged on the Republican Convention the nomination of an independent Democrat from among those who had sustained the nomination of Mr. Low at both elections. Its advice was rejected, and the League thereupon, on the motion of General Stewart L. Woodford, named General John B. Woodward as an independent candidate for Mayor. General Woodward is a well-known citizen of Brooklyn, having been for many years prominently connected with the National Guard, in which he now holds the commission of Major-General. He is engaged in the produce and commission business in this city, and is a man of means. In politics he has always been a Democrat, and has taken an active part, though never in high favor with the managers. He has never held public office, other than military, save for a few days, when he was appointed one of the "Water Board," which was in Brooklyn the head-quarters of a ring closely allied with Tammany in New York. That office he almost immediately resigned, having discovered that he would be powerless for good. He sustained Mr. Low's election in 1881 and in 1883 in a very bold and effective manner. General Woodward is about fifty years of age. In person he is tall and commanding, and his manner is frank and direct. As a speaker he is plain, simple, and forcible. His election is advocated by many of the leading citizens of both parties in Brooklyn, and by none more warmly than by Mayor Low.



"He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he threw himself into the watery wave."—*The Mikado.*

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A copy of Horace which was used by Longfellow in his college course has been given to the Bowdoin College library.

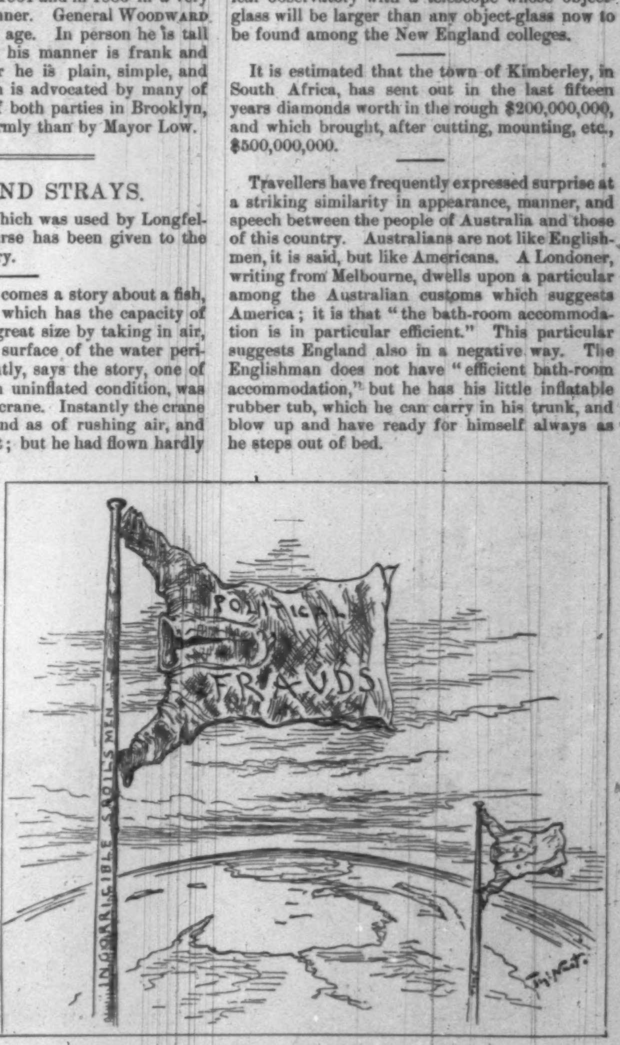
From San Francisco comes a story about a fish, found in Goose Lake, which has the capacity of distending itself to a great size by taking in air, which it comes to the surface of the water periodically to do. Recently, says the story, one of these fish, while in an uninflated condition, was hastily swallowed by a crane. Instantly the crane was startled by a sound as of rushing air, and betook himself to flight; but he had flown hardly fifty feet when he burst noisily asunder, and the aerated fish floated slowly back to his native element, somewhat astonished, but quite uninjured.

That is a bold fish narrative, in the true style of Munchausen. One of an equally interesting nature, but lacking the other's violence of action and tragic termination, comes from a town up the Hudson, where there is a basin of water containing gold-fish in the yard of a hotel, and also in the yard of the hotel a large black cat. The cat, says the story, has conceived a great affection for one of the largest of the fish, which is not in itself surprising, for cats have always been fond of gold-fish and canaries, but the fish reciprocates the affection of the cat and responds to the latter's endearments, which have never been of a nature to harm it. Every morning the cat sits on the edge of the basin and purrs, says the story, whereupon the fish at once rises to the surface close to the cat. They regard each other for a moment, and then the cat jumps up and down and back and forth, and the fish darts rapidly to and fro, the pair seeming in this manner to express their joy at meeting. Finally, the fish lies quietly close to the edge of the basin and near the surface, and permits the cat to pat it on the head with a paw. The patting is done in the gentlest manner, not even the suggestion of a claw showing itself. When it is over, away go the cat and the fish again, dancing and capering, only to draw once more together and to caress and be caressed anew. The pair spend an hour or two daily in this singular exchange of sentiment, and it is believed there has never entered the mind of the cat the idea that he would like to eat the fish.

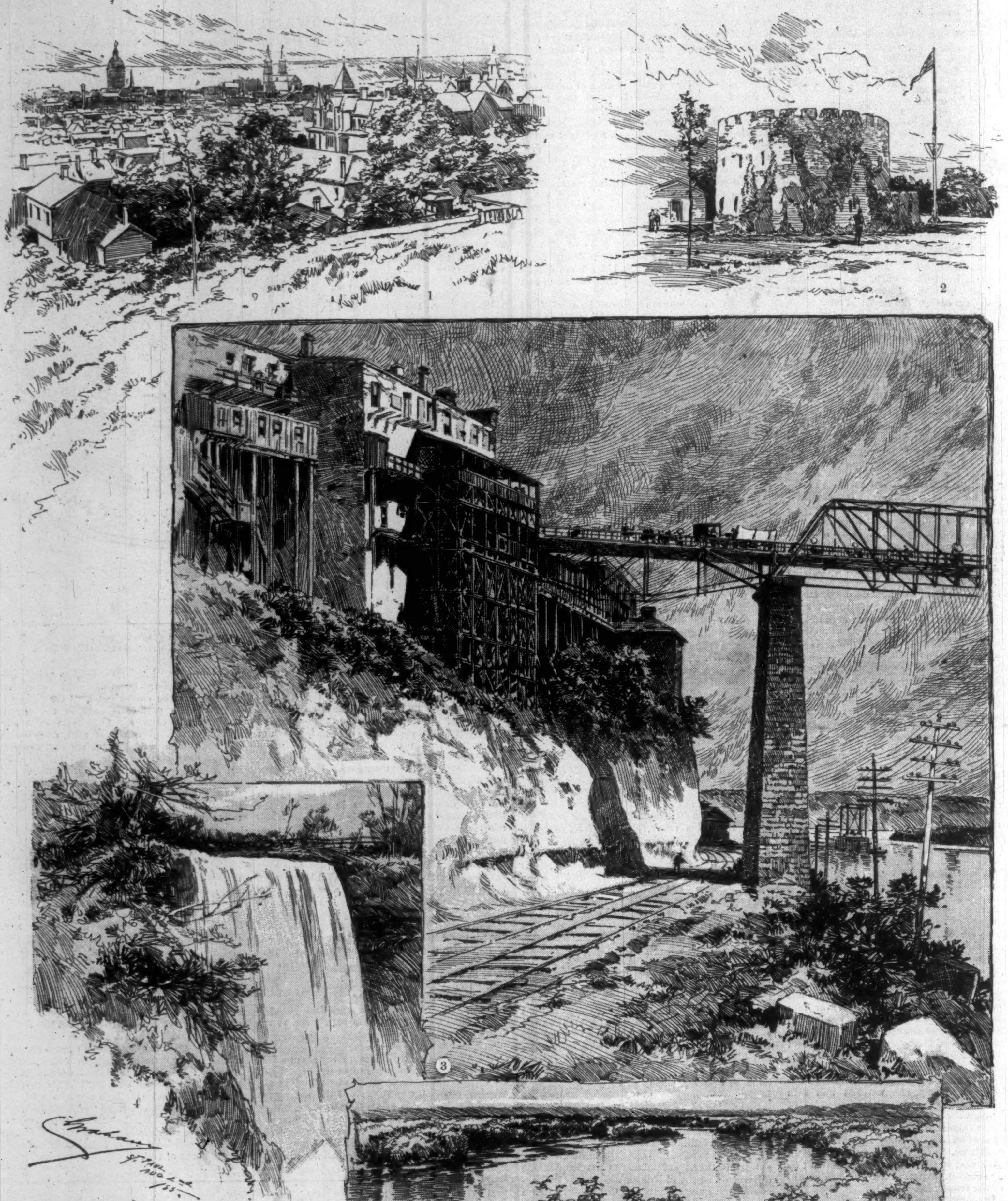
The young women of Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts, are to have an astronomical observatory with a telescope whose object-glass will be larger than any object-glass now to be found among the New England colleges.

It is estimated that the town of Kimberley, in South Africa, has sent out in the last fifteen years diamonds worth in the rough $200,000,000, and which brought, after cutting, mounting, etc., $500,000,000.

Travellers have frequently expressed surprise at a striking similarity in appearance, manner, and speech between the people of Australia and those of this country. Australians are not like Englishmen, it is said, but like Americans. A Londoner, writing from Melbourne, dwells upon a particular among the Australian customs which suggests America; it is that "the bath-room accommodation is in particular efficient." This particular suggests England also in a negative way. The Englishman does not have "efficient bath-room accommodation," but he has his little inflatable rubber tub, which he can carry in his trunk, and blow up and have ready for himself always as he steps out of bed.

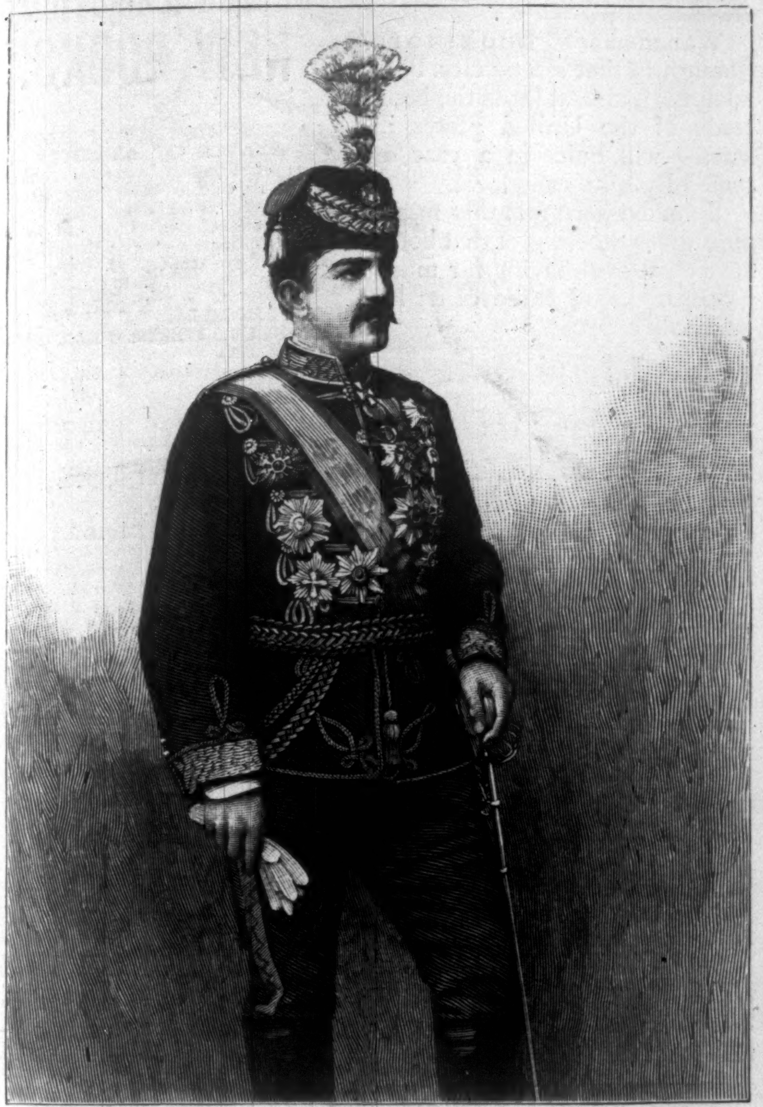


THE "DIRTY SHIRT" ASSUMING COLOSSAL PROPORTIONS, WHILE THE "BLOODY" IS BECOMING LILLIPUTIAN.

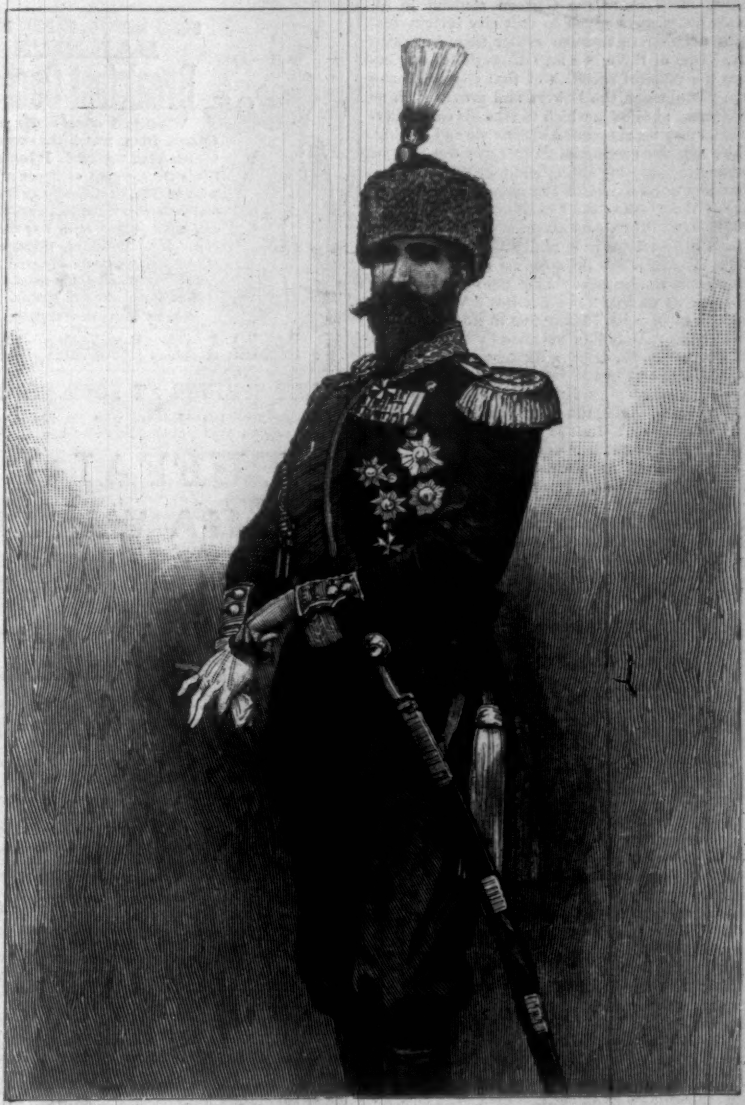


SKETCHES FROM ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 711.]

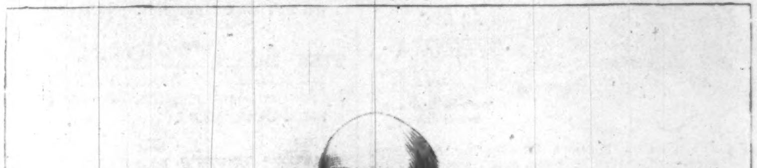
1. A glimpse of St. Paul. 2. Old Tower at Fort Snelling. 3. Along the River Front. 4. Minnehaha Falls. 5. The River from Fort Snelling. 6. At the Fort. 7. View from the Bridge.



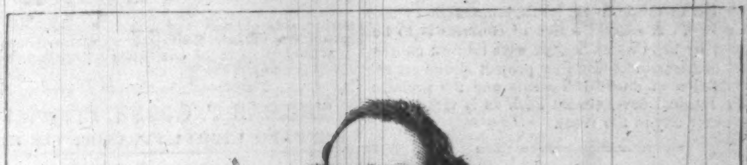
KING MILAN OF SERVIA.—[See Page 710.]



PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.—[See Page 710.]



KING GEORGE OF GREECE.—[See Page 710.]



KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK.—[See Page 710.]

THE ST. LOUIS MUSIC HALL.

THE strength of the German element in St. Louis has always given to that city certain features peculiar to German rather than American life. One of these is a love of music. Long before the musical societies of that city had come into prominence, the bowers and groves such as the German builds in which to take his ease, wherever he may be, resounded with music and singing. This, combined with the truly American love of getting together big apples and pumpkins at fairs, that has developed into the monster expositions of the West—the yearly evidence of the growth of its agriculture, commerce, and arts—has resulted in the Exposition and Music Hall Association. To this is due the splendid new Music Hall, which will render possible the production of musical works on the scale that has made such occasions of national importance in England. Architecturally the building is one of the noteworthy structures in St. Louis. Within, everything is subordinate to the service of music. The interior decorations are quiet, metallic tints and soft neutral colors giving the tone to the interior. The arrangement of the stage has some special features. This is spacious as the occasion demands, and is screened from the audience chamber by a luxurious drop-curtain, reproducing HANS MAKART's painting "Siesta of the Medici." When this rises, a Corinthian palace is discovered. This is an ingenious box scene, as it is technically called, inclosing the orchestra and chorus, and extending, with its columns of marble and panels of blue and gold, to the organ in the rear. It is so designed that it can be used for concerts and less conspicuous performances with comparatively little resetting. The parquet slopes gradually, and the lines along which the four thousand seats are placed bring each seat into easy view of the stage.

The Inaugural Festival is held this week, under Mr. THEODORE THOMAS, assisted by his orchestra, a chorus of six hundred voices, with Madame FURSCH-MADI, Miss EMMA JUCH, Miss EMILY WINANT, Mr. THEODORE WEDT, Mr. CHARLES TURNER, and Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY as soloists. The importance of the occasion is further signalized by the first production in this country of GOUNOD's sacred trilogy, *Mors et Vita*, which was first heard at Birmingham in August. The interest which has been manifested in the *Mors et Vita* night of the Festival indicates the standard of musical taste and cultivation in St. Louis. The production of this latest work would alone suffice to make the St. Louis festival memorable, so high is the composer's rank and so great the interest the composition has excited abroad. This is in great measure due to the singing societies, which, as has been intimated, are a feature of the city. The Liederkranz and Germania societies have recently been re-enforced by the Choral Society. This, although the youngest, having been organized only in 1880 by Mr. JOSEPH OTTEN, its present director, is one of the most active of the St. Louis musical organizations, and is the immediate promoter of the Inaugural Festival.

The Festival week is but the beginning of a new era of music in St. Louis, stimulated by the new hall. A second series of concerts is to be given by the Choral Society with its own chorus and orchestra, and the new project shows an organization of musical elements and the promise of a musical development such as is rivalled by no other city in the West.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

AS A BRAIN FOOD.

Dr. S. F. NEWCOMER, Greenfield, O., says: "In cases of general debility, and torpor of mind and body, it does exceedingly well."—[*Adv.*]

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.

ABOUT two years ago, a prominent citizen of Chicago was told by his physicians that he must die. They said his system was so debilitated that there was nothing left to build on. He made up his mind to try a "new departure." He got some of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" and took it according to directions. He began to improve at once. He kept up the treatment for some months, and is to-day a well man. He says the "Discovery" saved his life.—[*Adv.*]

VICTIMS of youthful indiscretions, suffering from nervous debility, lack of self-confidence, impaired memory, and kindred symptoms, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise, giving means of certain cure, with numerous testimonials. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

FOR AN OVERWORKED BRAIN

there is no remedy so practically effective as The HEALTH JOLTING CHAIR. Every BRAIN WORKER needs one. It equalizes the circulation and stimulates the nutritive organs, relieving and nourishing the tired nervous system as well as improving the general nutrition of the whole body in a remarkable manner. It induces sleep, creates a good appetite, cures constipation and dyspepsia, invigorates the whole system, and effectually banishes the blues. It is constructed to give any desired degree of exercise, and, in convenience, economy, and effectiveness, surpasses every other means of promoting health. Pamphlet sent free.
THE HEALTH JOLTING CHAIR CO., 150 W. 23d St., N. Y.
—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Promotes the Growth of the Hair, and renders it dark and glossy. It holds, in a liquid form, a large proportion of deodorized COCOANUT OIL, prepared expressly for this purpose. *No other compound* possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.—[*Adv.*]

BEFORE starting for Boston, send your address on a postal to A. S. Hanson, G. P. A., 232 Wash. St., Boston, and you will receive a time-table of the departure and arrival of the fast trains of the Boston and Albany R. R.
—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

HOT SPRINGS AT YOUR DOOR.

Hot Springs Physicians use in their own cases, and prescribe for others,

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER,

FOR GOUT, RHEUMATIC GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c.

DR. WM. B. TOWLES,

Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica, University of Virginia, Resident Physician, Hot Springs, Virginia.

"I feel no hesitancy whatever in saying that in *Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatism, Stone in the Bladder*, and in all Diseases of *Uric Acid Diathesis*, I know of *no remedy at all comparable to the Buffalo Lithia Water, Spring No. 2.* In a single case of *Bright's Disease of the Kidneys I witnessed very marked beneficial results from its use*, and from its action in this particular case I should have great confidence in it in this disease."

DR. ALGERNON S. GARNETT,

Surgeon (Retired) U. S. Navy, Resident Physician, Hot Springs, Ark.

"My experience in the use of Buffalo Lithia Water is limited to the treatment of *Gout, Rheumatism*, and that hybrid disease "*Rheumatic Gout*" (so called), which is in contradistinction to the *Rheumatoid Arthritis of Garrod*.

"I have had *excellent results* from this Water in these affections, *both in my own person and in the treatment of patients for whom I have prescribed it.* Of course the remedial agent is its contained *Alkalies* and their *solvent* properties.

"Hence it is a *prophylactic as well as a remedy* in *Nephritic Colic and forming Calculi, when due to a redundancy of Lithic Acid.*"

DR. JOHN R. PAGE,

Professor Zoology, Botany, and Agriculture at University of Virginia; at one time Resident Physician, Hot Springs, Va.

"I have observed decided benefit from the use of the Buffalo Lithia Water in *Gout, Lithiasis, Lumbago*, and *Sciatica*, due to the same 'Materies Morbi,' and am fully satisfied of its great value in the treatment of *all affections due to a Gouty Diathesis.*"

DR. T. B. BUCHANNAN,

Resident Physician, Hot Springs, Ark.

"Send me five cases of Buffalo Lithia Water, Spring No. 2. I have made use of this Water for *Gout* in my own person and prescribed it for patients similarly suffering, *with the most decided beneficial results.* I take pleasure *in advising Gouty patients to these Springs.*"

Water, in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, $5.00 per case at the Springs.

Testimonials sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor,
BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

Relief and Cure

The immediate use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in the earlier stages of throat and lung diseases, is highly important. Every hour's delay is dangerous, and may prove fatal. E. G. Reynolds, druggist, Dixfield, Me., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a wonderful remedy. In the fall of 1875 I was taken with a sudden Cold, accompanied with a terrible Cough. I suffered for three months, grew worse all the time, and was threatened with Consumption.

AYER'S

Cherry Pectoral

was recommended to me by a neighbor, and had a favorable effect at once. I continued its use until five or six bottles had been taken, when I was completely cured." Dr. Chambers S. Penn, Rarden, Scioto Co., Ohio, writes: "My wife was afflicted with a violent Cough, accompanied with Bleeding. Remedies usually prescribed in such cases failing, I resolved to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which, I am satisfied, saved her from Pulmonary Consumption."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

For sale by all Druggists.

ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK.

MILKMAID BRAND.

Economical and convenient for all kitchen purposes. Better for babies than uncondensed milk. Sold everywhere.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Wanamaker's bookstore (though in that sleepy city, Philadelphia!) almost leads the book trade of the United States in sales—will quite in a year or two. By no means local.

BOOK NEWS, a monthly magazine, gives the news of that bookstore. Worth having for many reasons. Send three cents for a sample copy.

The N. Y. Weekly Tribune

Wants a young and smart Republican in every township to canvass for 3 months' subscriptions at 25 cents each. The commissions are more liberal than ever before offered. A good chance for men out of work. The Weekly, 18 weeks, for 25 cents; The Semi-Weekly, 50 cents.

Literary. New Magazine.

Prizes of $100, four prizes of $50, five prizes of $25, and five prizes of $15, for contributions to appear in first number. All accepted MSS. paid for; all unavailable MSS. returned, with reasons. For rules and conditions enclose stamped directed envelope and literary record, if any, up to date, *at once*, to Editor, Box 622, G. P. O., Baltimore, Md. Competition invited and encouraged from every State and Territory.

THE DETROIT WEEKLY FREE PRESS
Four Months on trial for Twenty-Five Cents.
Send for sample copy, with full particulars.
Address *The Free Press*, Detroit, Mich.

EAGLE No 2½

ROUND & HEXAGON GOLD

PENCILS.

PATENTED

THE BEST PENCIL FOR FREE-HAND DRAWING, SCHOOL, MERCANTILE, AND GENERAL USES.

Our Fine Arts—the most perfect Pencil made—graded 6B to 6H. 15 degrees. Colored Crayons, over 50 different colors. Chalk Crayons. Slate Pencils in wood. Penholders in all styles.

If your stationer has not got them in stock, send stamps for samples. EAGLE PENCIL CO., N. Y.
Mention this Paper.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the *cause*.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

CLARKE'S PATENT
PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHTS
FOR BURNING IN HIS
PYRAMID NIGHT LAMPS AND
PYRAMID NURSERY LAMPS.
S. CLARKE, PATENTEE, LON: ENG AND
EXCHANGE ALLEY, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY U.S.A.

SOLD RETAIL AT ALL DRUG STORES.

ALBURNINE,

The wonderful preparation, which will give hair of any color the so much admired rich golden auburn tint, without injury to the hair. $2.50 per bottle.

THE COMPLEXION MASK.

By the Parfumerie Monte Christo, of world-wide reputation, cures all blemishes, effaces unsightly wrinkles, and gives the face a fresh and youthful appearance. Endorsed and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Price $2.00, complete. Money refunded if it fails to do the same. **L. SHAW, 54 West 14th Street, near Macy's, only depot, New York.**

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDEST and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. **L. FUNKE, Jr.,** Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, **78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.**

THE BEST Are made and imported **MUSIC BOXES** by H. GAUTSCHI & SONS, 1030 Chestnut St. Phila.
☞ LOOK FOR OUR TRADE MARK BEFORE PURCHASING.

ADVERTISERS can learn the cost of any proposed line of Advertising in American papers at Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York. Send for a Circular.

HARPER & BROTHERS' NEW BOOKS.

I.

A LARGER HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA to the Close of President Jackson's Administration. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, Author of "Young Folks' History of the United States," &c. Illustrated by Maps, Plans, Portraits, and other Engravings. pp. xii., 470. 8vo, Cloth, $3.50.

II.

THE PRINCIPLES OF EXPRESSION IN PIANO-FORTE PLAYING. By ADOLPH F. CHRISTIANI. Illustrated with Numerous Examples. pp. 304. 8vo, Cloth, $3.00.

III.

WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF SAMUEL J. TILDEN. Edited by JOHN BIGELOW. 2 vols., pp. xviii., 1202. 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Tops and Uncut Edges, $6.00 per set.

IV.

THE BOY TRAVELLERS IN SOUTH AMERICA. Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Brazil, Paraguay, Argentine Republic, and Chili. With Descriptions of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, and Voyages upon the Amazon and La Plata Rivers. By THOMAS W. KNOX, Author of "The Boy Travellers in the Far East," &c. With Colored Frontispiece and numerous Illustrations. pp. xvi., 498. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $3.00.

V.

THE UNRIVALLED COOK-BOOK and Housekeeper's Guide. By Mrs. WASHINGTON. With Index and Blank Pages for additional receipts. pp. viii., 640. 12mo, Waterproof Cloth, $2.00.

VI.

CITY BALLADS. By WILL CARLETON, Author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," "Farm Festivals," "Young Folks' Centennial Rhymes," &c. Illustrated. pp. 180. Square 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $2.00; Gilt Edges, $2.50.

VII.

HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By HENRY C. SHELDON, Professor of Historical Theology in Boston University. 2 vols., pp. xiv., 856. 8vo, Cloth, $3.50 per set.

VIII.

PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics, U. S. Navy; Professor in the Johns Hopkins University; Author of "Popular Astronomy," "The A B C of Finance," &c. pp. xvi., 548. 8vo, Cloth, $2.50.

IX.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF BATTLE-LYRICS. By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH. Illustrated. pp. xii., 168. Square 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2.00.

X.

AS WE WENT MARCHING ON. A Story of the War. By G. W. HOSMER, M.D. pp. 310. 16mo, Cloth, $1.00.

HARPER'S HANDY SERIES.

LATEST ISSUES:

	CTS.
31. **THE ROYAL MAIL:** Its Curiosities and Romance. By James Wilson Hyde. Illustrated	25
30. **THE GHOST'S TOUCH,** and Other Stories. By Wilkie Collins	25
29. **THE DARK HOUSE.** By G. Manville Fenn	25
28. **MALTHUS AND HIS WORK.** By James Bonar, M.A.	25
27. **SELF-DOOMED.** By B. L. Farjeon	25
26. **HOUP-LA.** By John Strange Winter. Ill'd	25
25. **THE LUCK OF THE DARRELLS.** By James Payn	25
24. **THE FLOWER OF DOOM,** and Other Stories. By M. Betham-Edwards	25
23. **IN PERIL AND PRIVATION.** By James Payn. Illustrated	25
22. **OLD-WORLD QUESTIONS AND NEW-WORLD ANSWERS.** By Daniel Pidgeon	25
21. **PAUL CREW'S STORY.** By Alice Comyns Carr	25
20. **NO MEDIUM.** By Annie Thomas	25
19. **CUT BY THE COUNTY.** By M. E. Braddon	25
18. **SOUVENIRS OF SOME CONTINENTS.** By Archibald Forbes, LL.D.	25
17. **MRS. KEITH'S CRIME.** A Novel	25

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

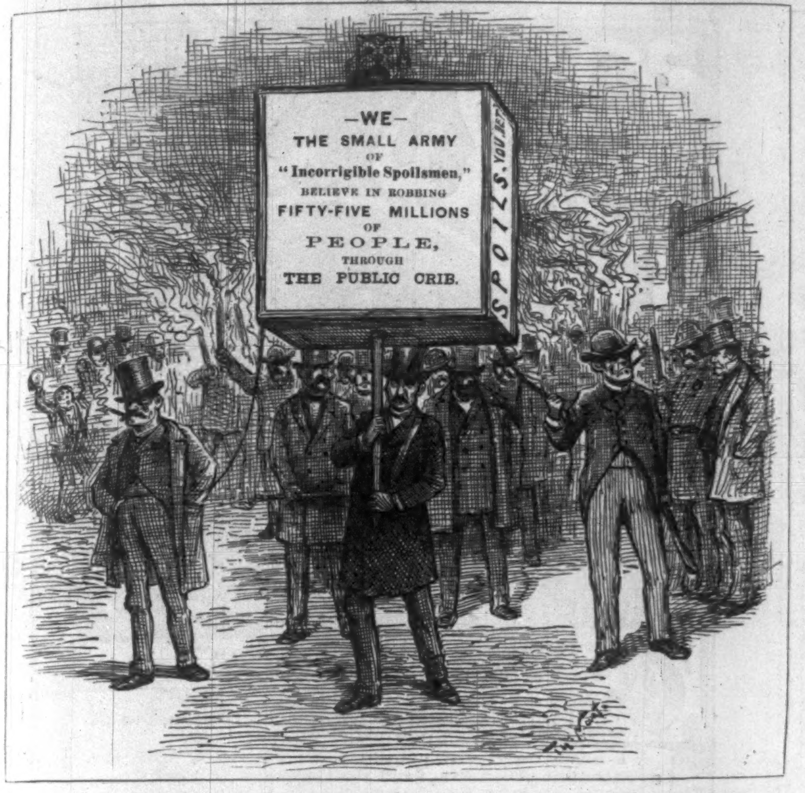
LATEST ISSUES.

	CTS.
495. My Wife's Niece. By the Author of "Dr. Edith Romney"	20
494. Babylon. By Cecil Power	20
493. Mrs. Hollyer. A Novel. By G. M. Craik	20
492. A Strange Voyage. By W. Clark Russell	20
491. The Courting of Mary Smith. By F. W. Robinson	20
490. In Sunny Lands. By William Drysdale. Illustrated	25
489. Adam Bede. By George Eliot. Illustrated	25
488. Love's Harvest. By B. L. Farjeon	20
487. The Royal Highlanders. By James Grant	20
486. The Waters of Hercules. By E. D. Gerard	20
485. Lewis Arundel. By F. E. Smedley	25
484. A Coquette's Conquest. By Basil	20
483. Lady Lovelace. By C. L. Pirkis	20
482. The Salon of Madame Necker. By Vicomte d'Haussonville	20
481. Entangled. By E. Fairfax Byrrne	20
480. Darien Exploring Expedition. By J. T. Hendley. Illustrated	15
479. Home Influence. By Grace Aguilar	20

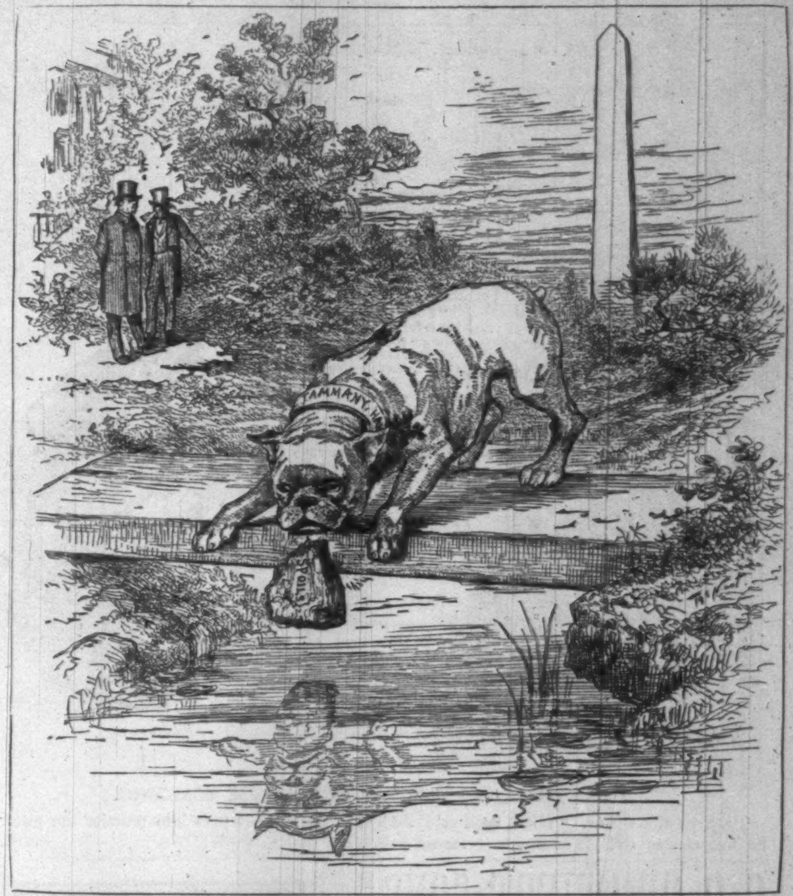
The above works sent, carriage paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of ten cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



GROWING MORE AND MORE TRANSPARENT.



A WARNING TO THE HOWLING, GREEDY DOG.

Arnold
Constable & Co

CLOTH DEPARTMENT.

An extra fine stock of superior imported Suitings, Overcoatings and Cloakings, suitable for Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's wear.

Broadway & 19th st.

To Embroider
CRAZY QUILTS,

Get Brainerd & Armstrong's factory ends, called Waste Embroidery. 40 cts. will buy one ounce, which would cost One Dollar in Skeins. All good silk and beautiful colors. Designs for 100 styles of Crazy Stitches enclosed in each package. Send 40 cts. in stamps or postal note to **THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO.,** 621 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TIMKEN SPRING VEHICLES.
OVER 400,000 IN USE.

Easiest Riding Vehicle made. Rides as easy with one person as two. The **Springs lengthen** and **shorten** according to the weight they carry. Equally **well adapted to rough country roads and fine drives of cities. Manufactured and sold by all leading Carriage Builders and Dealers.**

War Volumes of Harper's Weekly

Are now entirely out of print and the plates have been destroyed.

We would call the attention of those who have not the files of *Harper's Weekly* during the War to "Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion," same size pages as the *Weekly*, containing 1000 of the illustrations that appeared in *Harper's Weekly* during the War.

2 vols. Price, delivered, free of express charges: Cloth, $14; Half Turkey Morocco, $20.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

McDONNELL BROS.,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED.

Special Notice.—An advance of $2.00 on above prices will be made January 1st, 1886.

AGENTS FOR WHO WISH MEMOIRS OF U. S. GRANT to secure territory for our **SOLDIER'S RECORD,** which sells quickly to every old soldier, or friend of a soldier, and realize **Quick Cash,** should apply at once. Good agents wanted **D. R. NIVER, Albany, N.Y.**

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Finest and cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces. Annual Sale, 8,000,000 jars.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable tonic. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," &c.

Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. The title "Baron Liebig" and photograph having been largely used by dealers with no connection with Baron Liebig, the public are informed that the Liebig Company alone can offer the article with Baron Liebig's guarantee of genuineness.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by JAMES P. SMITH, PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND, & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

MELLIN'S
TRADE MARK
FOOD

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. The only perfect substitute for Mother's Milk. The most nourishing diet for invalids and nursing mothers. Keeps in all climates. Commended by physicians. Sold everywhere. Send for our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." Sent free.
DOLIBER, GOODALE, & CO., Boston, Mass.

TO ALL LOVERS

OUR TRADE MARK.
BARBERS' BAR SOAP
MANUFACTURED BY
The J.B. WILLIAMS CO.
GLASTONBURY, CONN.

of the PURE and GOOD, this soap recommends itself. For the TOILET without an equal, for SHAVING a great luxury. In pound bars, also in packages of 6 Round or Square Cakes. Ask your druggists for it, or send 2c. stamp for trial sample.
IT WILL DELIGHT YOU.

ART RECREATIONS
A BOOK OF
SELF INSTRUCTIVE LESSONS
IN PAINTING AND FANCY WORK
EDITED BY MARION KEMBLE
SENT POST PAID FOR $2.00
BY S. W. TILTON & CO BOSTON

Third Book No. 3.
—OF THE—
Franklin Square
Song Collection.

Now Ready. Uniform in Size, Style, and Character of Contents with **No. 1** and **No. 2.** Many Old Tunes. A good book for Home or School. **Two Hundred Songs and Hymns upon 176 Pages. Price, 50 Cents.**

No. 3.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
New York.

Le Boutillier Bros.,
BROADWAY and 14th St., NEW YORK.
ESTABLISHED 1840.

GREAT SILK SALE
AT CUT PRICES.

BLACK RADZIMIRS, all silk, Reversible, 21 inch. Extra heavy. Regular price $1.75. Cut price	$1.15
BLACK ARMURES, all silk, Reversible, 21 inch. Extra heavy. Cut price	$1.40
BLACK FAILLE FRANCAISE, all silk. Reversible, 22 inch. Extra heavy. Cut price	$1.50
BLACK MIKADO SATIN, all silk, 22 inch. Extra heavy, fine, and worth $3.00. Cut price	$2.00
BLACK GROS GRAINS, velvet finish. Warranted to wear. Worth $2.00. Cut price	$1.50
10,000 yards Colored GROS GRAINS, extra heavy, 50 shades, and worth $1.00. Cut price	85c.
Lyons all-silk BLACK MANTILLA VELVET, 28 inch, beautiful Pile, exquisite shade of black. Regular price $12.00. Cut to	$7.50
Silk SEAL PLUSHES, 24 inch. Cost $6.00 to import. Cut to	$3.25

N.B.—Catalogue of new goods free on application. Samples on receipt of stamp for postage.

The Runabout Wagon
PAT'D JAN 15 1884
ABSOLUTE PERFECTION ATTAINED
LIGHTEST STRONGEST SIMPLEST AND EASIEST
Riding Wagon in the World
ORVILLE E. SHORT SYRACUSE N.Y.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE & PRICE LIST
UNEXCELLED IN STYLE QUALITY AND FINISH
FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE
FULLY WARRANTED

SHELDON'S
New York Volunteer Fire Department.

Story of the Volunteer Fire Department of New York City. By George W. Sheldon. With Characteristic Illustrations. pp. x., 576. 8vo, Ornamental Cloth, $4.50.

Mr. Sheldon's book is a very favorable specimen of its useful and interesting kind, comprehensive, systematic, careful, well indexed, and written with an equal appreciation of the value of historical and statistical facts, and the fascination of the romantic side of his subject.—*N. Y. World.*

The above work sent, carriage paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of $4.50.

Harper's Catalogue *sent on receipt of ten cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

D. Needham's Sons' Red Clover Blossoms and Fluid and Solid extracts of the Blossoms. Best Blood Purifier Known. Cures Cancer, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, &c. Send for Circular. 116 and 118 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Is Good Health

A desirable possession for wives and mothers? Then remember that Willcox & Gibbs Automatic Sewing Machine is the only one that can be used without serious risk to health.

Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co., 658 Broadway, N. Y.

LEADING HOTELS.

Union Square Hotel
AND
HOTEL DAM, Union Square, New York.
(EUROPEAN PLAN.)

Both hotels (connecting) are centrally located, possessing all modern and sanitary improvements, and are elegantly furnished. Restaurant and Café unexcelled. Horse cars to every section of the city pass the door.
DAM & DE REVERE, Proprietors.

GRAND HOTEL,
BROADWAY, Corner 31st St.
(*EUROPEAN PLAN.*) NEW YORK.
HENRY MILFORD SMITH & SON, Proprietors.

THE PLATEAU,
The New Hotel of Hot Springs, Ark.,
Recently erected and opened by
D. C. RUGG.
A thoroughly comfortable and well-ordered house. Correspondence solicited.

ENGRAVING AND STATIONERY.

In the extensive Stationery Department of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Original Designs for Monograms, Crests, and Coats of Arms are furnished for stamping on note paper. Visiting Cards, Wedding and Reception Invitations are engraved in the correct style, while their exceptional facilities enable Messrs. Putnam to execute all such work at the lowest prices which are consistent with a high standard of excellence. Orders filled by mail with the same care and accuracy as though given in person. Their stock of Fine Writing Paper is extensive, and contains all late novelties and many exclusive specialties. Estimates and samples furnished for every description of engraving and printing. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 27 and 29 West 23d St., New York; King William St., W. Strand, London.

W. L. DOUGLAS' $3.00 SHOE
GLOVE KID
FINE CALF
SEWED

BEST MATERIAL! LATEST STYLE! PERFECT FIT! Every pair warranted. Made in Congress, Lace and Button, with all styles of toe. Equals any $5 or $6 shoe. If your dealer does not keep them send your name on postal card for instructions how to obtain these shoes and get a perfect fit.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY (One Number a week for 52 weeks)	10 00
HARPER'S HANDY SERIES (One Number a week for 52 weeks)	15 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

Each is pre-eminent in its own department.—*N. Y. World.*

A file of these publications would be a complete library in itself.—*Boston Globe.*

Their value is, indeed, great and permanent; and we commend them anew and more emphatically to the appreciation of the public.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The superb periodicals offer a complete epitome of the year.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

One or the other of these journals should find its way into every family.—*Southern Planter*, Richmond, Va.

The best of the kind in the country, or, in fact, in the world.—*Springfield Republican.*

Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.